

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1870. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC"—an incorporated company. The Directors for 1887 and 1888 are: S. S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, J. M. Haven, Jos. Hutchinson.

The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1938.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 3, 1889.

VOL. XXXVIII. . . No. 27

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Among these problems stands foremost, How shall we suppress the sufferings of the working classes? That there is suffering, no one familiar with the industrial classes will question; and, to such, the increase of suffering is painfully evident. Poverty is easily named among the chief causes of this suffering. This divinely blessed land of ours ranks among the first of civilized countries, and yet, what proportion of our population are exempt from the evils and sufferings of poverty? We have thousands of poverty-stricken souls in our large cities, whose condition is more deplorable than that of known savages.

But, how shall we ameliorate the sufferings, and suppress the evils, without unnecessary disturbance? Sudden effects are superficial. Political predictions are unreliable. Their fulfillment is meagre and unsatisfactory. Campaign glitter and enthusiasm may dazzle, excite, and give pleasure, but it produces little lasting effect. Much of it, like the burning of shavings which blazes without leaving either coals or heat, brings to the common people no actual results. The intelligent laboring man instinctively says:

"Indeed, it is a strange disposed time; But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

How shall we solve disproportionate growth of cities? In 1790 only one in every thirty persons lived in cities of 8,000 and over; but in 1880 nearly one in four persons reside in cities of the same description. Such cities are the chief centers of intemperance, socialism, poverty, and kindred evils; and, within them, Dives and Lazarus are daily face to face. How shall we prevent an ignorant change? And how may we caution an ignorant opposition to change? Many people are sufferers by birth, or disease, or accident—circumstances beyond their control. A few are born to great riches, abundant comforts—through no merit of their own; but the many are born to penury and privation. Leisure, comforts, and riches come generally by birth, accident, or opportunity. Gradations of humanity are inevitable and essential. They beget gratitude, aspiration, dignity, courage, diligence, charity. But the enlightened, honest, industrious common people will not always be content to be chained to a place, or to an occupation, or to a plane by the fact of their birth. They are continually increasing in numbers, the accidental sources of wealth are becoming fewer, the opportunities for acquiring riches are daily diminishing; but the press, the library, and the school are broadening their vision, enlarging their thoughts, and multiplying their demands. Changes will come; some fear, many aid, and few understand.

Property rights of all kinds, including riparian rights assumed by former generations as incontestable, will not always be regarded in that light. The man of the twentieth century will not be stilled into silence, and will not be consigned to the life of a dependent, because, forsooth, he did not sail in the *Mayflower* or cross the plains in a prairie "schooner." A hundred years hence the native son will find all the soil pre-occupied, the streams pre-possessed, the forests pre-empted, the fountains controlled, and wealth piled into cold, hard, cheerless drifts like driven snow among the Green Mountains in an open winter. Here and there drifted snow, but almost everywhere frozen, bare, forbidding ground, with every wind adding to the snow-drift at the expense of making more bare the uncovered land. The husbandman and the lumberman desire snows evenly distributed. It better protects the earth and better advances every line of business. The more evenly wealth may be distributed by righteous measures, the better the effect upon all the people.

"Immemorial custom" and "personal interest" is daily questioned and occasionally put on their trial. Many of the customs have come to us from feudal lords, and not a few of the definitions of personal interest are the emanations of conditions of life not tolerated now. The tendency is to disengage ourselves from them, and to stand forth, unfettered and free, as untrammelled by the customs of baronial times as George Washington was grandly superior, April 30, 1789, to British demands upon colonial governors. How shall we meet the irrepressible demand for the reversion of large landed estates to the State, and the resumption of the same by the common people? Our national character will again assert itself in its early, silent strength; when merit shall find its level, hypocrites be consigned to contempt, and all imbecility be deposed, and man interpreted not by what he has, nor by what his relations have been, but by what he is.

Individualism in commerce, in trade, in labor, is rapidly disappearing. This is not to be regretted. It too generally means private war, envy, hatred, uncharitableness.

Competition brings no permanent relief to farmer, mechanic, or laborer. Competition tends to extermination. This is amply illustrated by the career of any great monopoly. It is also vividly but painfully pictured in a well-written record of a working girl, published in the *Christian Union* for May 2, 1889. Mary's story is touchingly expressive of the sorrows of an almost unknown class—the overworked and underpaid needlewomen in our large manufacturing cities. Surely, the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" is heard in our own land before the first sob has scarcely been hushed on the "Bridge of Sighs."

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

Partial relief will come from united effort in politics. As soon and as often as the toiling classes shall act together they will exercise influence in the State and in Congress. They may not attain a complete ascendancy, but they will neutralize adverse powers and maintain their human rights.

The agricultural and working classes have had, and are likely to have, political objects which concern them as working people. The farmer must be a politician, and since it is imperative that he enter politics he should enter as do others—organized and informed.

Co-operation will prove itself one of the strongest of remedial influences. The toiling millions, conscious of their power and their destinies, need not believe that the life of toil is the *all* of man. But they must co-operate to the benefit of all and to the detriment of none. You may not see power in a single dewdrop, but the union of an incalculable number form the resistless current. Steam in its vaporous form gives no suggestion of strength, but, concentrated in the cylinder, its power is the marvel of the age. The individual farmer or toiler is well nigh helpless, and the mechanic fares no better; but the working classes, united and co-operating, would be irresistible in all that is just and uplifting to all concerned.

They should seek information. True education may seem a slow process for solving immediate problems; nevertheless, though only quiet and insinuating in its methods, the results are beneficent and permanent. The working class, finding themselves passing through this transitional period, can secure nothing save religion itself—better than education. The uneducated are everywhere at a disadvantage. The returns from education and knowledge may not be immediate, but they are sure. You cannot now see the abundant rains of April or the copious showers of a few days ago; but the fields with their ripening grain, and the orchards with their ripening fruits, and the gardens with their fragrant flowers—all witness to the gentle, insinuating, vitalizing presence and power of rains no longer visible. Educate the sons and the daughters, give them the best books afford, and early in the coming century their position will be as much superior to ours as ours is superior to that of former generations. We look back with wonder and condemnation upon the oppression and plunder of petty prince and feudal baron; and may not early generations of coming centuries look back upon many deeds and customs of these times with kindred feelings?

Tulare City.

DIED.

WALTERS.—In Spokane Falls, on Sunday, June 23, 1889, Mary Grace Walters, daughter of Rev. T. W. and Miriam Walters, aged 3 years 8 months and 17 days.

DEAR PACIFIC: Again the hand of death has reached into the home of Rev. Walters, and Mary Grace, their only daughter, has been taken from them. She had been ailing for some time, and was not rugged and robust in constitution. She died of membranous croup. After the former affliction, Bro. Walters had started on a missionary tour with a tent and a covered wagon, taking his family along, consisting of himself, wife, and two children. While at Medical Lake the child was taken severely sick, and they hastened to Spokane Falls with her for medical counsel and care. She died in Spokane hospital on Sunday afternoon, and was buried in Colfax on Tuesday. Bro. Walters and his wife have the warmest sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sorrow—but the sympathy of earthly friends cannot compensate for the loss of their dear children. But God be thanked, they have a Friend on whom they lean and in whom they trust, who can comfort them! With Christian fortitude and resignation, they look unto God, and we pray that the exceeding riches of His grace may be granted unto them. J. T. WHALLEY

FORMER EFFORTS AT UNION.

KYOTO, June 1, 1889.

EDITORS PACIFIC: A few words in regard to the former unanimous efforts of our Japan Mission for union may be of interest, just now. All the then members of our Mission were present at the convention held in Yokohama in Sept., 1872, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Whereas the Church of Christ is one in him, and the diversities of denominations among Protestants are but accidents, which, though not affecting the vital unity of believers, obscure the oneness of the Church in Christendom, and much more in pagan lands, where the history of the division cannot be understood; and whereas, we, as Protestant missionaries, desire to secure uniformity in our modes and methods of evangelization so as to avoid as far as possible the evils arising from marked differences; we therefore take this earliest opportunity offered by this convention to agree that we will use our influence to secure as far as possible identity of name and organization in the native churches in the formation of which we may be called to assist, that name being as catholic as the Church of Christ, and the organization being that wherein the government of each church shall be by the ministry and eldership of the same, with the concurrence of the brethren."

We fondly hoped that this would be a basis broad enough so that each denomination could work upon it, having some freedom in reference to the internal organization and the government. We organized all our churches for several years on that basis. At the annual meeting of our Mission at Kobe in May, 1874, the following action was unanimously adopted by our Mission. It was this action to which Mr. De Forest referred in his letter, published in your issue of Mar. 13, 1889.

The action was as follows, "Whereas, we believe that the true union of all the followers of Christ in the world is rapidly approaching, and that it is of vital importance for the speedy coming of Christ's Kingdom in this nation that the marked differences between denominations be avoided, and that, as far as possible, all the missionaries laboring here, and especially all the native churches gathered in Japan, stand before the world, united together in the most vital union and fellowship; and, whereas, the membership of the Mission has doubled since the action of the convention of 1872 in regard to union; resolved, that we, as a Mission, declare that we are unequivocally in favor of union; that we have never for a moment wavered from our unanimous desire for union, as expressed at the convention in Yokohama in Sept., 1872, and that we are organizing and shall continue to organize our churches on the basis adopted at that convention."

"Resolved, that we desire, upon the basis of the compact of 1872, to express in the concrete form, the following particulars to which we subscribe:

"1. That the name of each church formed under our instrumentality shall be 'The Church of Jesus Christ,' no other name being used, unless some local distinction.

"2. That the officers of these churches shall be pastors, elders and deacons.

"3. That we adopt the same creed [then follows one suggested by the Presbyterians].

"4. That we have higher local assemblies of appeal, or reference, to be made up of the pastors of the churches and representatives, together with the missionaries.

"5. That we unite in a general convention of all the native churches associated in this compact once a year, each church to be represented by pastor and delegate; such convention to be simply for the purpose of promoting Christian fellowship and aiding by the interchange of ideas in securing the best methods of Christian work."

The writer was Chairman of the Committee which drew up this overture, and it was our plan and thought that, as the Presbyterians were in the vicinity of Tokyo and we were in this part of Japan, these higher local assemblies could be either Presbyterian or Congregational, as the churches in each locality desired, and then we could all come together in the annual conference for fellowship and conference only.

Rev. G. F. Verbeck, D.D., in his admirable historical sketch of the missions in Japan, read at the Osaka Conference in April, 1883, gives the result. (See proceedings of the Osaka Conference, page 86.) Speaking of the action of our Mission, above quoted, he says: "An expression of what they considered a concrete form, made on the basis of 1872, was drawn up. In July of the same year they reiterated the action of the annual meeting and sent copies of the same to the Presbyterian, Reformed and Scotch Presbyterian missions. Later,

after the two Churches above referred to [Presbyterian] under the care of Mr. Ballagh and Mr. Thompson were, as they supposed, united with the Kobe and Osaka [Congregational] churches, it was discovered, much to the surprise of both the church members and missionaries at Yokohama and Tokyo, that, although the churches of Kobe and Osaka had the same name and creed as themselves, yet they had adopted different rules for church government, and so there could be no organization between them. It thus became apparent that different views were held as to the meaning and intention of the resolution of 1872, and that the hope entertained by many of the union of all Protestant denominations in a common church could not be realized."

Although the writer labored hard during those first years in Japan, spending more than one hundred and fifty dollars of his own money in the effort to secure a more perfect vital union, a union for which our Mission unanimously labored, we had no hope of an organic union of "all Protestant denominations in a common church"; and those efforts at union failed of the success we hoped for, because such organic union was pressed. It should be said, however, that partly as a result of these efforts for union, a triennial conference of all the Japanese churches in Japan was soon after this time started, which has held very successful sessions since. It will be seen from the above sketch that the Japan mission of the A. B. C. F. M. has not been indifferent to this question of union from the first, and that our action in regard to union along the lines specified above, was unanimous; and were the same basis, or a similar basis, before us to-day for action, I believe our action would still be as hearty and unanimous as it was fifteen years ago. Sincerely yours, J. D. DAVIS.

WHAT ADVICE SHALL BE GIVEN TO THE IMPENITENT?

BY REV. E. E. P. ABBOTT.

Joseph Cook has made it the study of his life to put the prudent question. Whether in his journey round the world, or lecturing for a single night in some quiet village, he goes armed with definite interrogatories. From the account lately published of his replies to Mr. Moody at the Public Institute of Chicago, it is evident that he knows, as well, how to give the prompt and complete answer. One of his remarks, however, it may seem difficult to reconcile with what he had already said: "To sum up my advice to the unconverted, I would say, Pray."

Now, this is exactly what many good authorities would say ought not to be urged upon the inquirer. Mr. Cook, though the victim of so much detraction, has never lost his faculty of admiration, and has a profound reverence for his former instructor, Professor Phelps. But what does Professor Phelps teach? "Biblical hortation never directs men to pray, except as an act of Christian faith. Impenitent prayer is never named in the Scriptures except as an act of divine abhorrence." "Impenitent prayer is blasphemy." He even says, "An impenitent sinner never prays."

Here is the opposite extreme. Shall we not take an intermediate position between seemingly these opposing statements nearer the truth? We would not agree with Mr. Cook in making prayer "the sum of our advice" in the inquiry room. Shall we say, with Professor Phelps, "the impenitent sinner never prays?"

Mr. Emerson, when asked late in life if he had not come to believe in the efficacy of prayer, is reported to have said, "If I saw a man upon his knees, I would not ask him to get up." So there are few theologians in these days who would discourage any one in his attempt to pray. "The prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord," has been often quoted, but certainly not from the Bible. "Now we know that God heareth not sinners," is the text from which Jeremy Taylor preached his famous sermons on "The Return of Prayers," and more searching sermons it were difficult to name; but there is nothing in the declaration of the blind man, from whose mouth the words are taken, to prevent any child of God from crying out in his extremity, and being lifted to heaven in supplication. Imperfect and sinful though the prayer of the unconverted man may be, it is better for him to pray than altogether to neglect the form of prayer. It is a fact that many go to church, though not to worship; we do not urge them to absent themselves altogether, any more than we forbid them to plow, though their plowing is sin. God, who feedeth the raven, answers, we must believe, many a prayer from unworthy lips which is hardly worthy the name of prayer. The sinner cannot claim the blessing, but he is dealing with One who is more than just, and does better for him than he deserves. "Mr. Moderator," said the father of

Dr. John Brown in the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, when a Mr. Morison was arguing the inability of the sinner to pray, "let a man feel himself to be a sinner, and for anything the universe of creatures can do for him hopelessly lost—let him feel this sin, and let him get a glimpse of the Saviour, and all the eloquence and originality of Mr. Morison will not keep him from crying out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' That, sir, is prayer—that is acceptable prayer."

But while we would never hold back the sinner from the mercy-seat, neither should it be "the sum of all our advice" that he pray. Is not Mr. Cook's first advice more Biblical and logical? "Advise the sinner to accept God in Christ as both Lord and Saviour, immediately." "Unconditional and immediate surrender," was General Grant's peremptory order at Fort Donelson, and it is the simple message of the ambassador of Christ, "Be ye reconciled to God." Mr. Cook, himself, makes it one of the conditions of successful prayer.

The fact is, that the wicked under conviction feel little ability to pray. They ask others to pray for them. Macbeth could not say "Amen," after his foul murder. The King of Denmark could not pray—

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below."

The saloon-keeper can hardly lead a life of prayer. Before we ask anything for ourselves, "give us this day our daily bread," we have been taught to say, "hal-lowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done."

But the act of prayer may not be long in following the hearty acceptance of Christ's pardon. They may be well nigh simultaneous. While on his knees the sinner may best make the surrender. His prayer is not that of an unbeliever, but of one turning from his unbelief. The publican goes up into the temple, already penitent, smiting upon his breast, not daring to lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, taking the sinner's place and accepting reconciliation. Now his confession becomes a prayer for pardon, "God be merciful to me, the sinner." Is not this a prayer which Professor Phelps would call "an act of Christian faith"? In a recent article he speaks of "conversion as often one of the facts of prayer." If the sinner is led to an entire commitment of himself to the Saviour, there will follow all the blessings of prayer and communion. Though it seemed so unnatural and perhaps impossible to pray before, prayer becomes, now, the most natural expression of the life. If the sum of one's advice to the unconverted be to pray, he will speak to them in an unknown language. After they become new creatures in Christ, and in proportion as they walk closely with him, their whole life is summed up in this one exercise—"praying always." It is the business of their lives. Their eyes naturally look up, and their activity becomes only another form of prayer. Sierra Madre.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

[The following private letter from Mrs. Arthur H. Smith contains facts of great interest for the readers of our column:]

PANG CHUANG, China.)

May 22nd, 1889.

Dear Sister: I have just a scrap of time to-day—not enough to answer a letter—but I want to tell you, while they are fresh in my mind, about one or two things in connection with our work. The first is the important item, perhaps. We have in our church in Peking, under Dr. Blodgett's care, a zealous and warm-hearted tailor. Tailors are not thought much of in China. This one not only read his Bible, but wished his apprentices to, and one of them took a New Testament about with him to snatch a crumb from it as he could. Being a good workman, this tailor was sent for to work on the trousseau of the future Empress of China. I say future because this occurred before the Chinese New Year, and before her marriage. While at work in her father's palace, the tailor apprentice had his book open. The grandmother—a remarkable woman and head of the establishment—came along and asked him about it, and told him to explain it to her. He protested he had no learning, but she told him to tell what he could. So he read a few verses and explained, and she expressed herself much pleased, and thought it a very good doctrine. The man told her to what church he belonged, and that they had there a magic lantern with views of Bible scenes. She sent an invitation to have it shown at her house, so Dr. Blodgett sent Teacher Zen Hai, a young helper recently graduated from Yung Chow, with the pictures. The young lady, now the empress, her grandmother and all the household were assembled. The old lady was delighted with the

scenes. When she saw Christ twelve years old in the temple, she said: "What a fine-looking young scholar!" The helper explained about his being the Savior of the world, and came at last to the picture where he hung on the cross. The old lady sighed deeply, and said: "What a pity for such a good man to be so cruelly used by those wicked people!" The Chinese are full of wonder. For years it has seemed impossible that a knowledge of Christ should ever penetrate to the haughty, imperial palace of China, or reach the heart of one seated on the Dragon Throne. And to think that the tiny edge of this wedge was pushed into place by a tailor, of all people! The Christians have prayed with a new faith for those in authority.

A small incident occurred the other day, which I believe to be one of many which we do not know about. A woman who went home from our station class told me the story. She is a middle-aged woman and for years a church member. To a niece, whom she very seldom sees, she had once explained about the wrong of idolatry. She had forgotten about it, but the niece had not. In her turn she taught a girl friend, who, later, married. At New Year the bride was ordered by her mother-in-law to worship the tablets of their deceased ancestors. She refused. Her husband beat her. Still she refused. He beat her more. She said: "You may beat me to death if you will, but I will not offend God by praying to the dead, and if you do beat me to death I shall be the gainer, for God will take me home to Heaven to stay with Him." This girl cannot read the Bible, or any other book. She has, so far as I know, never seen a missionary, and got her vital little spark of Christianity, as you see, around three corners—that is from the niece, who got it from the aunt, who got it from us! The aunt said: "I meant to bear fruit as we were exhorted to do in the station class, but I feel reproached to see how much more this child has done than I have, and with only her little light." Chinese prayers are apt to be stately and formal at first. Simple heart-felt and persistent prayers for things we really want are the kind they hear when they come here, and I think the praying does as much for the station class heart as the studying does for the station class mind. One woman, who had been here for weeks, walked back here four miles the Sunday after she got home, with a special errand. She found a near and dear relative very ill—suffering shockingly as the result of malpractice by an ignorant Chinese doctor. Her case was almost hopeless, and her sufferings pitiful in the extreme. Mrs. Tsai could only think of one hopeful thing to propose. She said: "You've no idea how they do pray for folks in Pang Chuang—so earnestly and perseveringly." The sick woman said, "Then go right away and get them to pray for me." So Mrs. Tsai toiled over here and back, eight miles in all, on her little feet, that close connections might be established between our Pang Chuang mercy seat, her own Little River village, and Heaven. We were profoundly touched by her pathetic faith in Pang Chuang prayers.

Our hearts have been exceedingly moved by the persecution of one of our Shantung men. Persecution about us seldom goes farther than words, but this man seems to come from an exceptionally bad village. He became interested in the truth, last year, and to our amazement, in a place where it is rare for any one to spend fifty cents on books, he bought five dollars' worth at once. He is a rich man as Chinese ideas go. But precious little good or comfort his books did him! The whole family set to work to persecute him, and make it impossible for him to have a moment alone with his treasure. They declared him crazy and bewitched to want to read foreigners' books. When he offered one for examination, to show that it was good, his relative smelt of it suspiciously, declared it was bewitched by foreign medicine and that he wouldn't touch it! If he offered to explain a little, to show them it was good, they were always "too busy"; not one attentive ear could he get. Then a funeral of an aged relative occurred, and because he finally refused to go and worship his dead relative, the villagers came that night and burnt up all his fuel and provender, so that he had to sell his animals, as it is a famine year, and prices so dear he could not buy more.

They threaten to continue this needful discipline, as they consider it, till he gives up his religion, assuring him that they will burn each successive crop of his, as it ripens, if he is obdurate. Thus assailed, he has been the subject of most fervent prayer by many scattered groups of Christians everywhere about here. I am sure you will add yours that he may stand firm! He came over here Sunday and was much moved to hear that the Chinese Christian women here, to whom he was a total stranger, were praying for him. EMMA D. SMITH.

ANNUAL REPORT OF SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN.

In the renovated earth, we are told, there shall be no more sea (Rev. xx: 1), and almost every landsman, who has occasion to make a journey by sea, feels the fact so announced to be one that calls for fervent thanksgiving.

But how can the people get along without the sea, which gives us our necessary means of transportation of persons and merchandise? And how will the vast increased population of the new world get along without the unlimited food supplies of the oceans, as they now are? And how can a sealess world be fertile, without springs and rivers of water, which come all from the sea?

Such questions are often asked, but they are rather curious than weighty. Man in the new world will certainly find his conditions adapted to his wants. He may traverse the air more easily than the birds do now. He may not need food, or the supply of manna may be renewed. And the new earth may have no need at all for water.

But the day when there shall be "no more sea" is not yet. The sea is a magnificent, beneficent, yet terrible and mournful fact. And because it is a fact that everywhere confronts us, it must be acknowledged, used, enjoyed and endured. So long as there is a sea, so long must there be sailors, and so long must they suffer. The necessities and conveniences of the whole human race demand a continually increasing use of that two-thirds of the earth's surface that is covered by the sea. There must, therefore, be some millions of men with the number constantly increasing, who must endure the deprivations and hardships of a life upon the sea. And how little do landsmen realize how great these are! Dwell on this thought for a moment. The majority of this multitude of strong young men must forego, for life, all the unspeakable delights of home. They must consent never to have wife or child, or any place in which they can store their treasures and seek home rest. Thus the most earnest longings of their nature must remain forever unsatisfied, and the most delightful part of possible human experience they must never know. And the other and smaller half, who obtain "the favor of the Lord," in winning the life love of some good woman must consent to spend nine-tenths of their time sadly separated from their whole earthly treasure. With now and then a brief taste of the sweetest earthly joy, they must spend long stretches of hard toil and weary longing out of sight and sound of all the world holds of joy and rest for them. On deck, on the yards, standing their midnight watch at the wheel, or seeking brief rest in their narrow, hard bunks, they are wondering where she is or what she is doing, or imagining some distress or calamity which they cannot lift a hand to avert; and sometimes they feel that, while they would not for any price renounce the brief bliss they sometimes enjoy, yet, perhaps, it were better for all parties had they never married at all. In a word, our comfort and profit deprive these millions of men of almost all the unspeakable advantages and joy of domestic life. Captains can sometimes have their families at sea, but the men cannot. They cannot live as the Chinese do, among whom children are born, live and die on their sampans, without ever setting foot on solid land.

So that they who dwell upon the land may enjoy their luxuries the mass of seamen must forego all the blessings of family life. Then again, those who "go down to the sea in ships," put their necks in the yoke of a hard master. The sea has its spells of smiling good nature, and a beauty of its own unlike all other; yet it is fitful, and has a terrible temper, which often rages causeless and unappeasable. Woe to the man that trusts the good-nature of the sea. It is cruel to the friend and foe alike. The tiger is tender to its cubs, but the sea is savage and relentless to its own. Sometimes its breath swells all its sails, and its rolling waves toss his ship about with a gentle roughness as a man tosses his babe. Then its mood changes, and savage wrath succeeds to smiles. The strong sweet breeze becomes a hurricane, and the fondling waves turn to raging giants bent on general destruction. Now comes the struggle for life. For hours, sometimes for days, almost without rest or food, the sailor battles for the life of his ship. "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." Sails are torn from their gaskets, and scattered in ribbons over the waves. Then, at the word of command, they struggle up and up till they reach the yard, and cling there with all their strength, with the gale yelling through the shrouds like a hundred demons, and threatening to tear them from their grip and hurl them into the boiling sea. But in vain is all their struggle to make things snug. A stay parts, a topmast goes, dragging other spars with it. Wreck increases wreck, and soon their ship is dismasted. The only question now, is, can they keep afloat and ride out the storm. Water is coming into the hold, and now, in daylight, and in darkness, lashed to the pumps, they must toil to the utmost of their strength to keep from foundering. One and another is washed overboard, and the rest cannot lift a hand to save them. They are whirled away on the wave-tops and then sink out of sight. But the hulk floats till the tempest quiets down; and now what are the

survivors to do? If they are on a lee shore in a wild region, this question is soon answered. They are rushed into the breakers, their ship is ground to fragments among the rocks, and the mangled bodies of the men are scattered along the beach. If they are out in mid-ocean their fate is worse. Their boats are stove, their water and provisions spoiled or washed away, and the hulk is sinking under them. They lash spars and planks together for a raft, fish a little spoiled bread out of the pantry, and then drift helpless on the wild boundless sea, with only one hope of life; viz., that some passing ship may find and save them. But for days and nights no sail is seen; they are starving and going crazy with thirst. One and another drops or jumps into the sea, and no one tries to save them; and soon the few that survive and retain their reason, lie down to die. Sometime after, a steamer comes into port and her record says: "In such and such latitude and longitude saw wreckage, with the appearance of men aboard. Lowered a boat, which soon returned and reported a raft with three decaying bodies on it." There is no funeral, no tombstone, no record and no name. There are only so many unknown men that help to make up the record of twenty-five hundred men lost by wrecks in a single year. These are they that "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," but return no more.

So far I have spoken of some unavoidable "pains and penalties" of life at sea. So long as the sea exists and is the chief medium of commerce, these must be endured with little alleviation. We can smooth a few waves with oil, and soften the sailor's physical hard lot a little, and that is all. Sailors cannot enjoy the blessings of home life, and they must not only "do business," but also perish in the great waters.

But these are not their worst disabilities; the worst are such as may and ought to be avoided. The most pitiable part of Jack's experience is that whereby he has been consigned to moral wreck and hopeless perdition. By long use it has come to be almost an axiom with the world, and the church as well, that the sailor must be an outrageously wicked man, and that—no second probation intervening—he must go to hell. But no greater error than this could well exist. It is as easy to be a thorough-going Christian at sea as on land, and as good Christians may, ought, and can be found among sailors as among the most favored of those that live on land. They cannot have equal means of grace, but God can and does make grace more abundant in the use of inferior means. It is not means of grace, but the measure of the Holy Spirit's work, that determines the amount of the harvest. God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and gives the Spirit, "dividing to every man severally as he will" (I Cor. xii: 11), sees to it that "they who gather little shall have no lack." (Ex. xvi: 18.) And so it comes to pass that a portion of Christ's vineyard that seems doomed to barrenness, gladdens the heart of the church by its unexpected fruitfulness. From nearly all our seamen's churches and chaplaincies comes the same joyful story. God is working among us in the salvation of souls. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." (Ps. cxvii: 3.) Converted seamen are found, now, on all seas and in all ports, and, as a rule, they are earnest and decided Christians. Human nature and the grace of God are the same everywhere, but the surroundings of sailors are such as make it difficult for them to live that half-and-half Christian life so common on the land. They must be altogether Christ's, or give him up altogether. For this reason the typical Christian seaman is bold, decided and aggressive in his religious life. Babylon is a far better place than Jerusalem to test a man's religion. It is a blessed experience, as we find in the Mariners' Church, to labor with Christians of this stamp—stalwart, true, faithful Christians, ready for every good work to which they are called.

MODES OF LABOR. Our work lies in a larger circle than that of most churches for landsmen. These have a host of appliances—social, literary and religious—that seamen cannot have, and for this reason do not need so many special means of grace as seamen do. Nearly all the helps a sailor can have must come through his church. So we multiply these just as far as we have workers and strength to sustain them.

OUR READING ROOM. Stocked with numerous books, papers and magazines, in various languages, is open every day and evening, and is in continual use. Nearly fourteen thousand visits were made to this room during the last year. It is a blessed shelter for many, who, though not Christians, yet desire to escape the drinking and the gambling carried on in their boarding-houses.

Here means are supplied, free of cost, for writing letters to their friends. More than fifteen hundred letters were written here during the last year. This room also gives many opportunities for personal appeals to individuals, which we should not otherwise have. By their visits to this room, many whom we should not find other means of inviting are led to attend some of our numerous

MEETINGS. And many have thus been led to Christ and salvation. Some meeting or other is held every day in the week, and during each week from fifteen to eighteen of these are attended. Among these

are four evening prayer meetings and six noonday meetings, two or more open-air services, and as many little meetings on ships as we can find places for. In all these meetings the one great end, the salvation of individual souls, is kept always in view, and many are saved by means of them. The voice of the newly-born child is very often heard in our assemblies, causing much joy in the house.

THE PRINTING PRESS

Has been busily at work, uttering its voice more than ninety thousand times in the shape of tracts, cards, handbills and dodgers. "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." (Ps. xix: 4.) They will be still preaching when our voices through weariness or death are heard no more.

LIBRARIES.

We are not able to do a great deal in the way of supplying ships with libraries. This is a special branch of work, requiring much care and money. The larger part of our old libraries are at the bottom of the Arctic ocean, having been put aboard whaling vessels. To the remnant have been added six, obtained by donation of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and two supplied by individual donors—one of these being the gift of our Sunday-school. All but these last two are in use on our own coast and under our own care. But what we lack in libraries we try to make up by supplying vessels freely with bundles of useful papers and other periodicals. No accurate count has been kept of the number so sent out, but they reach far up into the thousands. The effect of these is to prevent a great many idle, and worse than idle, hours on shipboard, and to give much help to tempted and wavering souls. "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations." (Rev. xxi: 2.) The large number of Bibles and New Testaments we have used have been donated by the California and the British and Foreign Bible Societies, and our tracts have come from our own press, from Chicago, from Stirling in Scotland, and from Smyrna in Turkey.

PERSONAL VISITATION.

It would not answer for us simply to open our doors, and make welcome all who might enter. We do catch, once in a while, a valuable fish from such strays, but the great number of those who attend our services must be sought out in various places, and persuaded to come in. So the most laborious part of our work is that of personal visitation. Our missionary has charge of family visiting, canvassing the whole waterfront to invite strangers to become church-goers and gather stray children into the Sunday-school.

Two visits each week are made to the Marine Hospital, where a circuit is made of all the beds, and such labor bestowed as occasion may call for. Many of the patients there are led to Christ for salvation.

Visits are made to vessels in port through the week, and the whole waterfront is patrolled each Saturday. Cards, circulars and invitations to our meetings are offered, and when opportunity offers, individuals are taught the way of salvation. Here, the word spoken in season has given a bent toward salvation to many a hesitating life.

Sometimes religious services are held on board ships. In all, nearly four thousand visits have been made to vessels in port, during the last year. Visits to boarding-houses must be constantly made, because their inmates are constantly changing. Sometimes fifty of these are visited in a single day, and during the year more than fifty-five hundred of such visits have been made. Our visitors are uniformly treated kindly, except in some house where a helpless victim has been rescued from harpies. The larger part of this work is done by ladies, and it is a work which they can do better than men.

It should be added that the absence of the pastor for two months, and the partial interruption of labor for three months, while repairs were made in the church building, have made the record of the amount of work done much less than it would otherwise have been.

RESULTS OF LABOR.

Of course, any effort to sum up the fruits of the labor bestowed on this great and fruitful field would be futile. A thousand springs have been set in motion which will move forever, and make to us no report of their working. Thousands of lives have received a bent or impulse towards righteousness, which they will never lose. There has been, notwithstanding the interruptions noted before, an increased attendance above previous years at all our meetings, with the possible exception of the meetings of one of our two temperance societies—the total increase being more than ten thousand. We have had fewer volunteer laborers than in years immediately previous, and, consequently, fewer apparent conversions; yet we are enabled to rejoice in more than two hundred of these, many of whom have run well while under our observation, and many others have sent us cheering letters, showing that, though deprived of such helps as they might have here, they are able to wage a victorious fight with the world, the flesh and the devil.

LETTERS OF CONVERTS.

I will now read to you extracts from letters sent to us by some of these converts. Here is one mostly made up from hymns of Christian joy and triumph. It is from one trained in his youth to read the Bible, but who gave himself to a life of sin. After more

than forty years of sea life, and when nearly seventy years old, he was led to Christ in our meetings. He says, "Since I left San Francisco, I have kept well saved—I am happy now from day to day."

We rejoice the more for this man because an old man among sailors is a rare sight; and an old sailor converted is much rarer still.

And here is one who occupies just the opposite ground, having been for years an earnest Christian. "Jesus has been more dear than ever to me, and I will tell you why. I left Port Townsend in a hurry, and forgot my Bible there. Oh, what a loss it was for my soul! I felt more sorrow for it than for the three hundred dollars I left there. How many times I prayed the Lord to give me his word again!" Then when he had got another he says, "Oh, how my soul drank the words of life, from which I had been separated for two months. Now my soul is resting in Jesus, and the peace that passeth all understanding, overshadows me. I am struggling with all my might for the prize of my high calling. I mean that in the great day you shall not be ashamed of having begotten me in Christ Jesus."

Here is a letter that gave us much comfort, because it brought to light the mate of a ship whom we counted as a jewel when converted, but whom we lost sight of: "In 1882 I came to San Francisco in the *E. B. Sutton*, and stayed or was led by Providence into your reading-room, where some kind, loyal disciple of the Master spoke to me and led me to attend several meetings. On April 2d, after the sermon, there was an after meeting in a small room behind the pulpit, where I found the mercy-seat and asked pardon for my sins. There I gave my heart into His hands, who has never left me. You took my name and made me promise to do something about uniting with the church when I should arrive here (New York). I have been unsettled, but now that I am located here, I would like to know the people whom my Heavenly Father used and made instrumental in bringing me to Christ, and saving me, a young man, from an early grave. Ever since I have been working for others, telling of the redemption so full and free, where it would do most good. I am an active member of the Y. M. C. A., and a member of the church where my early boyhood was spent."

A new convert writes from Newcastle, at the close of his first voyage after conversion: "I do miss the meetings and social gatherings in our dear little church. What joy or pleasure can a man find in the whole world that can equal the joy of Christians in meeting those who love Christ and one another, to talk of our blessed Redeemer, and to hear others praising Him and rejoicing in His love and infinite mercy!"

A young man, son of an English clergyman, writes thus: "When I heard the band playing in the street" (the band was a single cornet) "it drew my attention, and I went into the church to have some fun; but, glory be to God! it was not me that made fun of the people, but it was God that made me weak as a little child, until I received the strength of God; then I was strong, strong with the power of the Lord. * * * I can truly say that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. I thank God for salvation that takes out of our hearts all wrong desires. Now the highest aim of my life is to work for the Lord, and tell of His goodness. * * * I feel that it will be the happiest moment of my life, when I shall be called to leave this sinful world. Not but that I am willing to stay as long as it is the Lord's will."

A young man for whom we labored and prayed for many weeks before he was enabled to commit his soul to Jesus, and who has just left us, writes from Vallejo, where his ship was loading: "I am very thankful that God sent me to San Francisco to lead me to Himself. I do not mean by this that His power is confined to any one place; but I often think how I had to come thirteen thousand miles to receive the gift of Jesus Christ. I shall never forget the Mariners' church and the happy evenings we used to spend with you."

Here is a picture of life on shipboard, having in it both light and shadow, and showing how much good or evil ships' officers may do. The writer is Second Mate of the ship, and a convert of some years' standing. "I made up my mind that I would do my utmost for the Master's cause, and therefore asked the mate whether he objected to our having church on board. He would not listen to it, and I got my first damper, and I found I could not depend on him at all. Chips and I pray for him. He prides himself on being too hard a case for conversion, saying that he had too much of that in his youth. He will come to with a round turn one of these days. The same evening, I heard singing forward, it being my watch on deck, and going forward, I found the men in the port fore-castle eagerly bending over a few Gospel Hymn Books and singing with real earnest voices. It was a fine sight as they bent their heads in order to catch the light from the fore-castle lamp. As their voices rose on the still air of the night, I could only breathe a prayer of thanksgiving that 'He has not turned away the voice of my supplication.'"

"Now for a bit of sunshine. Every Sabbath there is family worship, and oh how I feast on the sweet songs of praise, as they come from the after cabin. The captain and his daughter, with the aid of their piano, make Sunday heavenly to me. And every evening I am cheered by

sweet music; were it not for that, life here would be less endurable for me, for I miss the companionship of kindred minds very much, and the mate is not at all pleased that I do not enjoy his company or his talk."

Is not this letter a good answer to those who say it is impossible to live a good, Christian life at sea? When our officers and men shall be Christians, there will be many a "Bethel" and "gate of heaven" amidst the storms and solitudes of the ocean.

Perhaps you would like to hear how the mother of a converted sailor boy writes:

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for the kind interest you have taken in our dear boy, and the good influence you have exercised over him. He is indeed the treasure of our hearts—our only boy—and to see him grow up a good man, in the fear and love of God, is the earnest wish of my heart. The profession which he set his heart on is a trying one, and it is a blessed work to gather the dear boys, thus thrown in a strange land, and help them to be good. I cannot think of a more noble work."

"You may well suppose we were happy when his ship sailed into Liverpool. He has come home quite well and happy, and grateful to you for your kindness to him."

AGENTS OF THE CHURCHES.

Thus, dear Christian friends, you have heard a little of what we, as your agents, have been trying to do for the Master in this most interesting field, and perhaps some of you feel like envying us the privilege of standing in this gateway, where it seems so easy to divert passing souls from the road to death into the way of life. It is a great privilege, and we thank God for it. From the beginning of the year to its end, we listen to the wail of conviction of sin, and the joy cry of the redeemed. And this work is sure to go on increasingly, for God has promised that "the abundance of the sea" shall be turned to Christ.

But you, also, are laborers in this work, though you put not your own hands to it, for you help to maintain us in it, and when the account is made up at God's bar, you, also, will receive your part of the reward.

SUMMER HOMES BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

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CLASSIC TENOR SONGS (\$1). 36 songs.
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NICOLL, "The Tailor."

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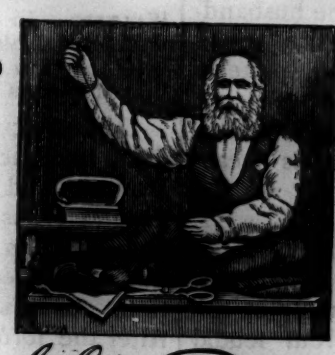
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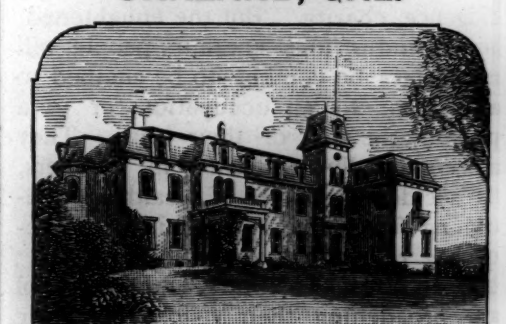


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Home Circle.

SHORTEST AND LONGEST.

The longest day is in June, they say;
The shortest in December;
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day—you were away—
The very next day after.

—Century.

Life must be lived, dears, and work must be done;

So every morn, as the swift moments run,
We of God's household should cheerfully say,
"Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day."

Each one who seeketh recovery thine aid;
Never in vain is each right request made;
Thou art our comfort, our helper, our stay;
"Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day."
—Edith Helena Cooke.

THE WELSH MAIDEN AND THE BIBLE.

BY JONATHAN EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

Less than a century ago, on a bright Sunday morning, a congregation of devout people was assembled in an unadorned stone church edifice, on one of the beautiful hills of Wales. It was in the center of the little village of "Pen-mear," and known as "Bethel" chapel. The church was filled to overflowing, because one of the most eminent preachers of the principality was expected to preach. The people were anxious to see and eager to hear the great divine. Soon he walked slowly up the narrow and carpeted aisle, and very deliberately ascended the winding stairs to the high pulpit. He was a man of serious and commanding appearance. His suit was made of home-spun cloth, in the ordinary style of the day and country, with knee breeches and thick stockings, and a long coat buttoned up close to his white clerical kerchief. He stood erect before them, and made a piercing glance all over the expectant audience.

His thick gray hair did not lie very smoothly on his head, and was unparted either in the middle or elsewhere. With forehead high and proportionate, cheeks full and rosy, and voice deep, full and sonorous, he would demand attention from any intelligent audience, especially of one who had heard of him as a great boanayer, swaying large congregations with his rare and inspiring pulpit oratory. After going through the opening exercises, the people joining heartily in the singing, the preacher began his sermon in a calm and deliberate manner; and in a very low tone of voice he said, "My text, this morning, is to be found [pause], in the Gospel of John, the third chapter and 16th verse." He repeated it, and the people listened as for life. "The words are thus," he continued, "God, so loved the world, as to give His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have EVERLASTING LIFE." "What inspiring words!" he said. "What a soul-lifting declaration! They are God's words to us. Who can estimate their value and fully comprehend the depth of their meaning?" He continued in about the same manner and tone for at least 15 minutes, explaining the text carefully. Then he began to clear his throat and stir himself up as if preparing for earnest work. Soon he raises his voice higher and higher, reaching his climaxes in tremendous explosives. Now he speaks in a conversational tone, again in a thundering voice, and swinging his long arms, and swaying the large audience, many of them responding in loud amens and hallelujahs. When he closed his realistic and imaginative discourse, for he had led them to the highest heavens, there was hardly a person in the audience that had not been moved to tears. And they all felt that God had spoken unto them words of power and wisdom through His servant.

CHAPTER II.

Not far from the church was a low stone house with straw-thatched roof and two small windows. The front of it was nearly covered with ivy vines. Around the house was, perhaps, half an acre of land under high cultivation, with every inch utilized. Vegetables of many varieties, flowers, rosebushes and dahlias grew luxuriantly in their season. A stone wall wide and high surrounded the garden. Inside the house everything was simple, but orderly. The furniture was somewhat scarce, and what there was of it antique and solid. Mr. Parry and his family, who occupied the house, were greatly respected in the community, and considered in moderate circumstances for one dependent upon every-day work among the farmers. Though Mr. Parry worked for a shilling a day, with what he could make from his garden, a cow, a few hogs and chickens, and strict economy, he managed to provide his family with the absolute necessities of life. They were also able to make what was considered a respectable appearance in the chapel on Sunday. It was a God-fearing family, and nothing less than real necessity could prevent them from attending God's house on the Lord's Day. As the father and mother and six children sat around the table, they began to speak about the good sermon they had just listened to in "Bethel" chapel. They were unanimous in their testimony that it was the grandest and most powerful sermon ever delivered in that chapel in their time. All knew that the great preacher had talked in a wonderful manner of God's love, but they had been so moved, awed and entranced that they could not possibly tell where his text was. The father was a little deaf, and the preacher had begun so low a tone that he had not

been able to catch it. The baby had disturbed the mother just as the text had been given. One of the boys thought he could tell it, but after a struggle it failed to come out complete. All he could say was, that the text told about God loving everybody. Edith said excitedly, "I can tell it, father." "Well?" was the response. She began, "God"—long pause—"God," oh, another pause—"I can't say it now; but I know it said that God gave His Son to die for us, or something like that. I wish I could tell it all, it was such a nice text." How much they would like to hear it again. There was no Bible or concordance in the house. A poor family like them could not afford to buy a Bible, though they desired it ever so much. They could hear the text probably from one of their neighbors, but they were anxious to get it right from the Bible. After much deliberation the mother said, "Mary, I think you will have to go over the mountain to-morrow to Pleasant Dale farm, to get the text from the Bible." Mary was only ten years old, but she was the best reader in the family. To her great regret she had been compelled to stay at home that Sunday morning to take care of the house, and see that the chickens did not scratch the garden beds. Mary promptly answered her mother by saying, "I am willing to go." Indeed, she was more than willing; she deemed it a privilege to go. Her countenance indicated that she was considerably elated over the compliment of being selected to do such an important errand. They were all satisfied with the selection, for all of them were quite proud of Mary, and willingly recognized her as the brightest one of the family.

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful morning in June, the sky was blue and bright, and an invigorating breeze swept gently over the fruitful hills where grass and grain waved gracefully. Mary Parry was ready for her journey before six o'clock. She was carefully and tastefully clad in a home-spun flannel dress, her shoes were wooden-soled and rather heavy, and her bonnet featherless but neat and comely. Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes indicated perfect health, and her quick step abundance of physical vigor. Being accustomed to daily activity, she did not dread the eight-mile journey over the "Maelwyn" mountain to see the Bible and find the text. She started almost on a run, so that her mother had to warn her not to walk too fast up the mountain, saying, "When you get to the fourth mile stone on top of the mountain be sure and take a good rest." It was rather a hard journey for four miles, till she reached the summit of the mountain. She walked lightly and hurriedly over the winding and smooth road, almost constantly mumbling a familiar Welsh tune, and frequently looking back to see how far she was from home. Despite all her effort, she did not go quite as fast as she wanted. As she had about reached the highest point of the mountain, the whole valley below opening before her view in its full beauty, she felt quite heated, and were it not for her enthusiasm would have been exhausted. She had reached the fourth mile stone, where her mother had told her to take a rest. Sitting on the road-side and taking a few long and deep breaths, and anxious to start again, she heard the tramp of a horse in the distance. Walking to the other side of the road she looked both ways, and soon saw a man on horse-back coming up from the valley.

For a moment she felt a little nervous, but when he came a little nearer, she was convinced by his appearance that he was not a dangerous character. She moved on somewhat slowly, but soon the man was all alone side of her, and she was a little startled when he pleasantly saluted her with "Good morning, my little lassie." "Good morning, sir!" she answered. She had never seen the man before, for she was not in church Sunday morning; but she was confident that he was a preacher, and she thought it possible that he was the one who had preached in "Bethel" Sunday morning. "Where are you traveling so early, my lass?" said the man. She answered innocently, "I am going over to Pleasant Dale farm, sir, where Cadwaladr Jones lives, to see the Bible and get the text." "The text?" said the man, much surprised, "what text, my lassie, tell me?" Oh, the text, the text, sir, feeling embarrassed and sorry that she had begun to tell her story "of the preacher that had preached so good at 'Bethel' chapel yesterday morning. Our folks said it was such a nice text, but they could not remember all of it. I wasn't in meeting, sir; I had to stay home to take care of things." "How far do you call it to Mr. Jones' house?" "Eight miles, sir, from our house." And you are going to walk sixteen miles to see the Bible? said the man in a solemn tone. "Yes, sir, I am going to see the Bible and take the text home to the family, if I can remember it; I guess I can; mother says I can. I have done it before." "You don't have a Bible then at home?" said the man calmly. "No, indeed, sir," was the answer. "I wish we did, but we can't afford it, you know. We've saved some money to get one, but they cost so much."

"Yes, yes," was the solemn reply. "He could have given her the text, but, unconsciously, he soon became absorbed in deep meditation. These thoughts went through his mind: "No Bible." "Can't afford it." "It costs too much." "Walking sixteen miles to see a Bible." "Too bad." "Something must be done." The little girl's talk had made as deep an impression upon his mind as his sermon had begun so low a tone that he had not

el" chapel Sunday morning. The preacher and the little maiden left miles behind them without speaking a word to each other, he absorbed in meditation and she wondering why he was so silent. Before they hardly knew it, they had reached their destination, for they were really going to the same place—to the house of Mr. Jones of Pleasant Dale farm, who was the deacon of "Bethania" church, near by, where the eminent preacher was to preach that night.

Both the reverend doctor and Mary received a cordial welcome at Pleasant Dale farm.

CHAPTER IV.

In one of the upper rooms of Pleasant Dale farm house, a man of God spends much of the night in distress, approaching agony. He walks the room endeavoring to be relieved of a great soul burden. Sometimes he is speechless, other times soliloquizing thus: "Is not this sad beyond description! My people hungry for the word of life and unable to get it on account of poverty! The Bible found in their language, and the people generally destitute of it! Can it be so? Cannot something be done? Is there no remedy for this? There must be. The light of Divine revelation must be spread among all the people. Those who are reaching out for the bread of life must get it. The hungry must be fed—but how?" A long pause and great distress of mind compelled him to go to God in prayer. "O God, who art infinitely good and gracious, Thou who didst command the light to shine out of darkness wouldst have the light of Thy word to shine into each and every heart of my people. Thou hast revealed Thyself to the world in Thy precious word. This precious book has been translated into many tongues, through great sacrifices and much labor of faithful servants of Thine. We have it in our own language—a language in which the gospel sounds so sweet to us. Yet, but few of our people have thy word. Do thou make known unto me what can be done for my people. They are God-fearing and hungry for Thy word—so near to them and yet beyond their reach. O God, bring deliverance and that speedily! Open the way whereby Thy Word can be distributed freely and abundantly among the people. Grant unto me light and wisdom, that I may know how to present this matter and be instrumental in opening a way to distribute the Bible all over the hills and vales of lovely Wales and among all the nations of the world!"

It was the agonizing prayer of faith that prevails with God. He knelt in distress; he arose in peace. There was joy in his soul. He could hardly restrain a disposition to shout aloud his praise to God. He felt confident that deliverance was near at hand. He retired, and for hours rested in peace. While asleep a dream filled his soul with ecstasy. He saw Bibles circulated all over his beloved principality. In every house there was a Bible. Every child had a Bible of his own. Sunday-schools were organized in connection with every church and in many school-houses, and every scholar had a Bible in his hand—children and adults of all ages learning to read from the Bible and thousands studying it with avidity; great numbers coming together representing different localities, for the purpose of reciting certain portions of the Bible and expounding its great truths. When he awoke he felt more than ever like praising God.

CHAPTER V.

In an elegant room in the city of London are assembled a number of prominent Christian men, both lay and clerical. Among them are some of the most noted philanthropists of the land. They are considering the matter of extending Christ's Kingdom by the distribution of the Bible. Among them is a Welsh divine. He tells them the story of the Welsh maiden crossing the mountain, and walking altogether sixteen miles to see a Bible and find the text of a sermon, the family being unable to purchase one. He makes an eloquent and touching plea for his people. In the course of his remarks he says: "It cannot remain thus much longer. A voice from heaven comes to us, and in thundering tones says, 'Give the Bible to the people. Carry it to the hill-tops and the valleys, to towns, cities and remote places.' Devoted and learned men have given us the word of life in the language of the people, and they hungry for it, yet not one in twenty own a Bible. Many of the most industrious cannot afford to purchase one. Gentlemen, how can we stand in the judgment if we allow things to continue so any longer? We must see to it that the Word of Life is brought within the reach of the people and that no one who desires it is denied it. The demand is urgent. We dare not delay any longer. I have pleaded with God in agonizing prayer over this matter, and I feel that light is soon to dawn. A grand opportunity is offered us now. What shall we do with it? Brethren in Christ, cannot something be done now? There is money enough in the land and in the Churches, and people enough disposed to contribute to give a Bible, not only to all the people of the principality of Wales, but to all the people of the globe. Shall we not see to it, God helping us, that we do our part to see that the word of life is put in the hands of every man, woman and child in their own language, beginning at home?" The speech had a thrilling effect upon all present, and the conviction was unanimous that something must be done at once. After earnest deliberation and pray-

er it was resolved, "That we organize a British Bible Society, the object of which shall be to print and publish the Word of God in all languages, and distribute the same among all people."
Spokane Falls, Wash.

Household.

FRUITS AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.—Of all the fruits with which we are blessed the peach is the most delicious and digestible. There is nothing more palatable, wholesome and medical than good ripe peaches. They should be ripe, but not over-ripe and half rotten; and of this kind they may make a part of either meal, or be eaten between meals. It is a mistaken idea that no fruits should be eaten at breakfast. It would be far better if our people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling subacid fruits, such as peaches, apples, etc. Still, most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly dangerous. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is certainly a great error, contrary to both reason and facts. The apple is one of the best fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach, and are an excellent medicine in many cases of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the taste, cooling, nourishing and laxative, far superior in many cases to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases. Raw apples and dried apples stewed are better for constipation than some pills. Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantages of the acids alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp. The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates and all that class. Lemonade is the best drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of quills and either nauseates in many cases of cough. Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass. The juice should be used alone, rejecting the skins. The small-seed fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants and strawberries may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative. We would be much the gainers if we would look more to our orchards and gardens for our medicines and less to our drug stores. To cure fever or act on the kidneys no febrile diuretic is superior to watermelon, which may with very few exceptions be taken in sickness and health in almost unlimited quantities, not only without injury, but with positive benefit. But in using them the water, or juice, should be taken, excluding the pulp; and the melon should be fresh and ripe, but not over-ripe and stale.—Hall's Journal of Health.

TO RENOVATE BLACK GOODS.—To restore the color to black dresses, pantaloons, coats, vests, shawls, or any other article of wearing apparel, take one pound of logwood chips, or its equivalent of logwood extract, one ounce (by weight) of saleratus, and dissolve them in twelve gallons of water either hot or cold. Place this in a boiler and boil about twenty minutes; put the garment to be treated into it without ripping, and let it stand about ten minutes, stirring it occasionally. Take it out, pin on the clothes line, and let it drip and blow out until the liquid is all out, but do not let it dry in the least. Press it with very hot irons on the wrong side, and you will find it looks like new. There will no color or dye rub off from it. A little black ink, if no black dye is at hand, will restore black lace. Apply the ink to the surface of the lace with a sponge or soft cloth; after this is dry wet the surface again with water in which a little gum arabic is dissolved; carefully open the meshes of the lace, and iron between two layers of smooth paper. Do not let one part get dry while ironing the other. This method is used in lace factories. Some women wash black lace in strong beer and iron it while damp; it looks like new.

POT ROAST.—Take for this three pounds of the tops of the ribs. This is the part taken off the top of the prime roasting-ribs to make them shorter, and is usually corned by the butcher; it is sold at seven and eight cents a pound, is not too fat, unless from very heavy beef; if it is so, take the cross rib or some other inexpensive part, but choose by preference a piece that has some fat running through it, rather than solid lean. Put the meat after flouring it slightly into a pot, set it over a quick fire, and brown it for about half an hour, turning it often. Then put a cup of boiling water in which is a dessert-spoonful of vinegar in the pot, cover closely and set where the meat will stew very gently two hours; when half-done season with pepper and salt. Take up and serve just as you would roast beef, making gravy in the same way.—Catherine Owen, in the "Home Maker."

POTATO OMELET.—Large cup of mashed potatoes, three eggs, tea-cup of sweet milk, very little sifted flour, tea-spoonful of salt, a little chopped parsley. Beat the whites and yolks separately till very light. Mix thoroughly, turn into a buttered spider and brown lightly. Invert on to a hot plate and serve hot. Nice for tea.—Woman's Work.



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1889.

The American Home Missionary Society came into existence almost as early as did the "A. B. C. F. M."; and many of the same representative men engaged in the formation of each society. Both were originally or became undenominational societies. From both of them all their former supporters, except the Congregationalists, long ago retired, to give their aid in other directions, leaving the societies entirely in the hands of the Congregationalists. This fact the American Home Missionary Society has quickly and fully recognized. Years ago it ceased to add any but Congregational churches, because all its money came from Congregationalists, and it would not be altogether honorable to bestow such money upon churches of another sort. So, this Society has loyally accepted the situation, has acted uprightly, and has not betrayed its trust. It lives in the present, and not in the past. It recognizes the difference between the latter half of the nineteenth century and the former half, in which it was born. But here is the other Society, or Board, named above, still living in the first quarter century of its life. It has not awakened to the fact that it exists at the century's close. It does not see how the world has altered, how the situation has changed, and how its constituency has become altogether new. It is afflicted with a sort of ecclesiastical Bourbonism. It must go only and exactly in the steps of illustrious precedents. It must persist in appointing missionaries that are not Congregationalists, and in aiding missionaries not loyal to Congregationalism, because it was so done fifty years ago; though all its moneys are now from Congregational sources, as they were not fifty years ago. In form of speech, the "American Board" is undenominational; as a matter of fact, it is or should be Congregational, and all the world knows it; and the sooner the fact is fully, fairly, squarely recognized, the better it will be for the Board and all its loving and loyal supporters, who run not themselves after any ecclesiastical idols nor wish their representatives to follow "strange gods of that nature."

The Commencement exercises of the State University at Berkeley were as largely attended as ever last week, although the admittance was by ticket of invitation. It may be that even this method will have to be more restricted in order to bring the attendance down to the capacity of the present assembly room. The literary exercises were of more than the average merit, were relatively few, and were kept within reasonable limits of time. Their tone was good, and the officers have reason to congratulate themselves on the general success of the day, and of the year which then culminated. The number of graduates was about forty, an eighth of whom were young ladies. As they all stood in semi-circle, we thought them more than usually mature in appearance, though we know not the average of the class. The young gentleman who received the University medal, however, seemed to be one of the younger members. The number of clergymen present was not large; which we must regard as a misfortune, as they are the real life of most commencements. We know that the conferring of the degrees is a valuable element in the significance of the day, yet it was our feeling that it would be quite as impressive if it were less protracted. The military part could be made a less formidable annex.

It is an off year in politics. Nothing threatens the Republic from without. No war signal stirs our patriotism. The calls of humanity have taxed our resources. The sufferings of the desolated have absorbed our sympathies. Thus the nation's holiday finds us without extraneous urgencies, or inward necessities for any elaborate celebrations of the Fourth of July, 1889. Nevertheless, the abiding reasons for the obser-

vation of to-morrow in a glad, if sober, way, should be sufficient to render the day a marked one in our onward life. We notice each year with what enthusiasm the English-born among us celebrate the birth-day of the Queen; and how the French observe the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille. These events call up memories which it is well to cherish. But how much more have Americans to rejoice in than the most favored of Europeans when national affairs come to the front, and the story of liberty, law, might and majesty is to be rehearsed! Christianity is the basis of our civilization. The Bible and the Sabbath are chief pillars in the temple of our freedom. It is sometimes doubted whether we are a Christian nation. For a sign of this let one go to the great World's Exposition now in progress in Paris. It is thronged on Sundays, as on other days, by multitudes; but Americans are few; and there is the American Department, covered, closed, silent, on the Lord's day. This may be little, but it is enough to show that Christian sentiments show themselves all the world over, when Americans show their ready instincts and real education. With prayers and thanksgivings, therefore, we can all celebrate to-morrow, if we cannot have oratory, poetry and song. If we are far from booming cannon, rattling drum and martial display, our thoughts can soar in celebrating high praise. No country like our country, is the boast of all patriotism. But when we inquire for the reasons that must lie behind all intelligent patriotism, we are amazed at the magnitude and the multitude of those which are peculiar to the dwellers upon our continent.

The higher, the healthier. Long ago this became one of the maxims of our life. The older we grow the more we are convinced of its truth. The higher our spiritual meditations, the healthier for our souls. The higher the range of our intellectual activities, the healthier for our minds. The higher our art, the healthier our taste. The higher and wider the excursions of the imagination, the healthier our approach to genius. The higher our appreciation of the beautiful, the healthier all our enjoyments. The higher our notion, the keener our relish of the morally sublime, the healthier all the movements of our wills. The higher our ideas of excellence, the healthier our grip upon righteousness. The higher our aspirations in any realm of action, the healthier will grow our enthusiasms. The higher the estimate of our own poor possibilities, the healthier will become the resoluteness of all our nature. Nor is this all. We may be mistaken, but we believe the maxim true physically as well as metaphysically. We think hills are healthier than hollows. We had rather ride a high horse than an inferior one. We admire a tall tree rather than a bunched one. We prefer an uplifted house to a flat one. A garret is healthier than a basement. A third story is healthier than a first one. There is danger in living on or near the ground, especially on the margin of a sluggish stream; particularly at night. Malarial float the air of streams and ponds at night. There are sinks, sewers and so on, in, under, around every dwelling, some of which will be leaky and do their worst at night. Besides, all places, all soils are more or less saturated with mephitic vapors that breathe themselves off at night. So, since we must sleep, the higher we can climb before doing so, the better—the higher, the healthier.

The very enjoyable reunion of Prof. Howison's students in Philosophy and of some others, held the evening before commencement, deserves particular mention. It was a well conceived gathering, and successfully carried through; though the literary programme could not be finished, because the early tendency was to over-run time, as assigned to individuals. Good music, good fellowship, good eating, and good speaking, can be had around other ideas; this occasion was unique, because these things were had around the idea of philosophy—philosophy as the soul and center of all seats of learning, and as the inspiration and life of all study. The genial professor is to be congratulated on the brilliant opportunity he called into being, of impressing himself and his department on numbers of those interested in the higher education of the youth of the Pacific coast.

Rev. H. Loomis, of Yokohama, in a letter of June 5th to *The Occident*, says of the conditions named for union by the Kumi-ai Churches: "These conditions were rejected by the Presbyterians, and thus the matter rests for the present."

LETTER FROM MINNESOTA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D.D.

Minneapolis, from whence I write, is certainly one of the finest cities on this continent. It has broad, well paved and shaded streets, with a quite unusual proportion of fine dwellings in every conceivable style of architecture, and spacious, well-kept lawns innocent of fences. The school buildings are an ornament to the place, that of the high school exceeding any one I ever saw in size and attractive features, nor can the parallel be found, I believe, elsewhere in the number and elegance of its churches of all denominations proportionately to its population. You can scarcely turn a corner without the sight of a spire. A few days ago one of the daily papers presented its readers with pictures of the various spires that occupied three columns. Here is the flourishing State University, with several fine edifices and a new public library building that excels in beauty all other buildings. Lavish indeed have the expenditures been in the way of architecture, both public and private.

What a change have a little more than fifty years made in this spot and in all this region! Once I stood on the bank of the noble Mississippi here and saw the Falls of St. Anthony in their primitive state, unexposed by any human contrivances, and now the shores on both sides are lifted with mills, including the most extensive flouring establishments in the world. Then not a solitary building was in sight, where now stands a city of over 200,000 inhabitants, with another as large ten miles lower down, which then was not begun. Then all was wild prairie, to the north as far as the British Possessions, and west to the Rocky Mountains, while beyond to the Pacific there were no settlements. Now all is organized into States and Territories, and there are large cities and towns, and countless farms. Then California, Arizona and New Mexico belonged to Mexico, and not a railroad existed west of the Great Lakes. Now several such span the vast area to the Western Ocean, and the whole region from the Lakes to the Rockies is gridironed with such iron tracks, over which speed thousands of locomotives with their trains, outriveling the Indian with their screechings, and almost the very lightning in their speed. All this change has been wrought in less than two thirds of my life-time!

Congregationalism has a strong hold in this city, and it is said to have one Church with the most numerous membership of any of this denomination west of New York, and one that contributes for benevolent objects as much, if not more, than any other proportionately to its membership. The churches here, with one exception, as is also the case in St. Paul, are all supplied with stated pastors, and they are active and influential, and increasing in number.

There has been much sympathy manifested here and throughout the West with the sufferings caused by the great flood in Pennsylvania, and liberal contributions have been made for their relief. Besides money, 2000 barrels of flour were promptly sent forward from this city.

DR. POND'S CHINESE MISSION.

I have just been reading an extract from a letter of Dr. W. C. Pond of San Francisco to the American Missionary Association at New York, most pathetic in its appeal not to allow the laborers in his Chinese work to be discharged for want of funds. Please publish the following extract, which may move some persons to contribute toward making up the needed amount for the continuance of the work. Mr. Pond is doing a great and good work, and he ought to be sustained. He offers to make a great sacrifice himself. Let us heed the Scripture injunction to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." If there are none to give the large sums mentioned, let each send in his mite as I have done, and if there are enough of these large contributions will not be needed. The letter of Dr. Pond was occasioned by a notice from the A. M. A. that his work must be curtailed for want of funds in the treasury. Dr. Pond writes:

"The blow came as gently as a blow could, but it staggered me nevertheless. It was a horror of great darkness into which I entered. You can understand that if I could come through June with all bills paid, and the work moving on successfully and with good promise, I should be in a position to appeal for aid here, as I have done at that season heretofore. And I felt that I could rely on the results of that appeal to take me through to September 1st. But I could not honorably let our work enter upon their June labors with no prospect of sufficient funds to meet their salaries. Nothing seemed left for me to do but to notify them that I could pay all bills for May, but could promise nothing more. When I had resolved to do this, the workers passed before me one by one. Most of our teachers dependent upon this slender stipend for their daily bread, teachers that had been in our service for many years, never measuring their service by their pay, but working in season and out of season, and most of the time rendering help not bargained for, fully equal to that which I could have required. The helpers all passed before me: Jee Gam, with his wife and five children; our brave, unselfish Low Quong; our faithful, almost saintly, Chin Foy; our earnest and eloquent Yong Jin, all of whom have sacrificed their pecuniary interests for service in the mission, and all of whom, if their income from missionary work ceases, will be compelled at once to seek an income elsewhere, because of those de-

pendent upon them. Then the schools passed before me, closed and silent most of them, the scholars scattered and the momentum from many years of earnest, unremitting effort gradually dying away. Then the effort to start again September 1st, with faithful, long-trying teachers committed elsewhere and unable to return, and helpers scarcely daring to enlist again if indeed they could be free to do so; and scholars, whether attending other missions or no missions, disinclined to return, and confidence shaken everywhere—and all this for lack of \$1,000. For I felt that this \$1,000 was practically almost \$3,000, since in such a condition of the work, virtually wrecked, my appeal for aid here would be powerless.

"I could not let things go that way. There was one friend here accustomed to do generously for the Chinese, but through another channel than ours, and I applied to her for five hundred dollars. It was a most kind and Christian reply that I received, and a promise of the best she could do—at least \$250. Thus one-fourth of the \$1,000 is secured. Now here, in California, I have nowhere else to go. Don't you know of some persons in the East to whom I can apply for aid in making up, say, \$600 more? For I had made up my mind to relinquish my own salary entirely for June, July and August. I could not possibly have drawn it leaving a single teacher unpaid or dismissed for lack of funds. That makes \$400 (\$250 and \$150) provided for, and \$600 more will tide us over. Perhaps there are six persons whom a letter from me endorsed by you would induce to give \$100 each, or twelve at fifty dollars each, or forty-eight at twenty-five dollars each; the work on my part I will count as nothing, if only the result can be secured. Please let me hear about this as soon as possible."

I am expecting to leave here on my return to California on Monday, July 1st, and my address on and after the 8th will be as heretofore, 606 Folsom street, San Francisco. I have received and read with interest THE PACIFIC during my absence, and have thus kept informed as to matters in my adopted State, which, by the way, I have no desire to exchange, with its "glorious climate" for any other, as a home.

HUMBOLDT AGAIN.

We are just home from the Humboldt County Sunday-School Convention. It was the first of the kind the writer has attended in California, and the best he has ever attended. Everybody said it was good to be there. All denominations were well represented and the spirit of Christian union was most excellent. How pleasant to take down the bars occasionally and talk and pray together on common ground! The Convention met with the Campbellite church in Fortuna, the M. E. church joining in the matter of furnishing entertainment. And never was the matter of entertainment more handsomely done. Though we object to a certain denomination's attempting to monopolize the name Christian, yet the church at Fortuna certainly is worthy of that name, judging from the treatment we all received. The union, we say, was excellent, and yet we Congregationalists did a good deal of crowing. Judge Crow from the First Congregational church of Eureka was Chairman. An able, genial presiding officer was he, who gave the best of satisfaction to all. Such crowing is all right and never engenders strife. Eureka First contributed much to the success of the Convention also, through the sermon of Rev. Geo. M. Sanborn on Tuesday evening. The subject of the discourse was "The Book We Study." The audience was captured from the opening sentence, and went home to love the Bible as never before. Rev. S. is a recent arrival in the county. We heartily welcome him. We pray for more like him. The presence of Loyal Wirt, our Sunday-school Missionary, was also helpful. He was at once at home in the Convention, in fact, was the first to address the Convention, and was well received in all he had to say. We are all glad that Mr. Wirt has come to labor in the county during the summer. He has already established a number of Sunday-schools, and by his preaching, has been very helpful to the Hydeville church, which is without a pastor. We hope to send him back to the Seminary in the fall, with his love for the Master's work intensified through a pleasant and successful summer's campaign. We would like him also to like Humboldt well enough to come back again when he is ready.

The following were subjects discussed at the Convention: "The Sunday-school and Irreligious Homes," "The Best Sunday-school Programme," "The Infant Class," "Union Sunday-schools," "The Sunday-school and the Saloon," "Tobacco," "The Prize System in Sunday-schools," "The Sunday-school Teacher." By this you will see that the work of the Convention must have been interesting and helpful.

Why not give what you are going to give to the Home Missionary Society now in these vacation months, when the treasury is apt to be pinched? Don't keep the money, already in your treasurer's hands, till by and by, but send it right away. And you who are absent from your churches, remember that the Christian causes have to go right on. The bills have to be paid in church matters just as regularly as the rent of your house while you are gone. No vacation in the work of love!

W. C. T. U. SCHOOL OF METHODS.

EDITOR PACIFIC: I send you a brief report of the School of Methods of the W. C. T. U., hoping you may find space therefor within the columns of your excellent paper.

A place most fitting for gatherings of this and kindred organizations is the beautiful Pacific Grove. Down by the sea in the midst of this beauty of tree and rock and wave we are, with the quiet so profound that no sound save that of the ocean's moan is heard to break the midnight stillness. The noise and din and confusion of the crowded mart are left behind for this brief space. What wonder, then, that, with such environments, this convention of our foremost workers should have been the grandest ever held within the limits of our State!

To attempt an account in full would fill your columns to overflowing, and where every department of our work has been so ably represented, it would be hard to discriminate, so only briefest mention of each will be made.

The Evangelistic Department, represented by Mrs. S. J. Churchill of San Jose, is the one about which cluster all the rest, as would have been very apparent to any who attended the devotional half-hours preceding each of the three sessions, each of these four days.

The Legislative Department, with Mrs. M. E. Congdon at its head, is one of ever-growing importance, and the great need of activity in this direction was clearly set forth by the ringing words of her address—agitate, educate, legislate.

The Press—that mighty power before which we stand in wonder and admiration—was ably presented by Mrs. M. F. Browne.

The Franchise, over which Miss S. M. Severance presided, was fittingly presented by one of our State organizers, Miss Henrietta Moore of Ohio, who prefaced her address with the remark that the time had passed when we had to meet the opposition of intelligent people to this subject, but only that of the vicious, ignorant and prejudiced. Mrs. M. Negus very conclusively showed it to be the need of the nation. Mrs. Dr. Van Kirk's paper upon "Hygiene" was one of the ablest papers read before the convention, and the address of Dr. Kellogg upon its kindred subject, "Hereditry," was an equally able address, and, professionally, they were both of a high order of merit. Some thoughts upon "Temperance in the Sunday-school," by Mrs. H. H. Havens of Oakland—also upon "Song and Higher Education," by Mrs. M. H. Field of San Jose—were very pleasing papers, full of remarks pertinent to their subjects. The latter lady has been engaged in writing temperance songs, set to the music of some of our college songs, so familiar to many of us, so that our young people will no longer need to sing the words, many of which must grate so harshly upon those who realize the power of song as an educational force in all classes of society.

"Child Culture," by Mrs. E. G. Green; "Kindergarten and Juvenile Work," by Mrs. S. C. Borland, were tenderly and earnestly urged upon our attention. The first evening was made very enjoyable by the rendition of some very pleasing music, under the able direction of Mrs. Eva Bishop of San Jose. A feature of the concert was the orchestra, consisting of young people, lads and misses of Dr. Jewell's Sunday-school, directed, as was also the choir, by Mrs. Bishop. These temperance college songs were rendered with much spirit, no doubt reminding many in the audience that there's a more excellent way than singing, "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," "Drink 'Er Down," "My Last Cigar," and others which the past generation have sung with scarce a thought of their pernicious influence.

On Saturday evening, the subject of American home protection from the legalized liquor traffic was considered. Speakers: Rev. R. Bentley, D.D., Rev. T. B. Stewart and Mrs. M. E. Congdon. The address of the first speaker was an able and dignified consideration of this exhaustless theme, an unqualified endorsement of the W. C. T. U., and a dispassionate consideration of the principle of high license, having the impression that it is too fallacious and unworthy to be presented before an audience of intelligent Christian people. The words of the two latter speakers had no uncertain sound—the grand summing up of which would be contained in the one word, *Prohibition*.

Sabbath morning, Rev. C. H. Hobart of Oakland delivered a thoughtful, spiritual discourse from the text, Habakkuk ii: 5, in which the fallacy as well as the futility of high license was so clearly shown that it would seem no candid person hearing it, no matter what his previous views had been, would ever lift his voice in favor of a principle so pernicious and powerless. From the dictionary definition of the word "accessory," he proved conclusively that Christian people who favored high license were accessory to the crime of liquor selling. Appalling fact, that our great nation with its great body of Christian people should be a partner in this awful sin!

Sabbath afternoon, Rev. N. R. Johnston delivered a very thoughtful, reverent address upon the observance of the Sabbath, to which all listened with rapt attention. The Sabbath is an institution belonging to all time. The law of the Sabbath was not repealed upon the coming of Christ. The Sabbath was made for man, and so long as the object for which the law was instituted exists, so long the law exists. The law of the Fourth

Commandment is partly civil and partly religious. The whole time of the Sabbath is sacred. It is the right of the laborer to rest. No employer or corporation has the right to require labor during this sacred time. Civil governments owe allegiance to the Son of God. His will is that the Sabbath should be kept. Blackstone taught that whatever law is not in unison with divine law is no law at all. The multitude of foreigners having no interest in the keeping of the day sacred, was touched upon. The Sunday newspaper, the federal post-office, Sunday railroad trains. Who are responsible for bad laws? Those who vote for bad law-makers.

This report would scarcely be complete without some mention of the very comfortable and commodious hotel, "El Carmelo," kept by Mr. Schoenwald, proprietor, also of the beautiful "Del Monte." It is simply perfection in all its appointments, and absolutely the most scrupulously clean of any public building which it has been my fortune to visit. A hearty tribute of praise to the Southern Pacific Railroad is really due to that company for its very substantial material service to the W. C. T. U., and I am sure I only voice the sentiment of all my sisters of the Union when I say that, of all the corporations of which I know, none have extended to us a more generous courtesy, or a more valuable assistance, and none will ever be more gratefully remembered by us.

JULIA A. WILLSON.

"THY WORD HAVE I HID IN MY HEART."

BY REV. W. N. BURR.

In "The Mill by the Floss," George Eliot tell of certain sisters whose Bibles opened more easily to certain places than others, not because favorite passages over which they were accustomed to meditate were found on these pages, but because the Bibles had been used to press tulip petals.

The flower-press Bibles do not all belong to the sisters of George Eliot's story. While there perhaps never was a time when there were so many open Bibles in the land, so many helps to Bible study published, and so many hearts warmed towards the words of truth contained in the Scriptures, there are still too many in our churches who are weaklings because they do not feed on the sincere milk and the meat of God's word. Says Dr. Henson of Chicago: "Food and sleep are the benignant restoratives of our wasted bodies, and prayer and meditation on the Word of God are the divinely ordained provisions for our higher nature. The new nature comes from above, and there is nothing below the stars on which it can live; and so He who gave the nature gave us food for that nature, let down from His throne in His blessed book."

There are too many Christians who are living on the old manna gathered at the time of conversion, or thereabout. A few passages of the Word were very precious then, and have been so ever since, and well they may be; but there has not been the growth in things spiritual there should have been during these years, because there has been so little gathering of fresh food for the soul all this time. There are good people in our churches who seem almost to have no Bible, except perhaps, Matthew xi: 28—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and there are others whose feeding-ground is confined much of the time to the 14th chapter of John; precious, comforting chapter that it is, beginning with the words of divine love to weak, short-sighted, fear-stricken humanity, "Let not your heart be troubled;" and others who find "green pastures" in the 23rd psalm, but seldom step over into other green pastures with which the Word abounds. These more familiar parts of the Word are very, very precious; there is perhaps nothing more precious from the wonders of the creation to the wonders and mysteries of the revelation; but, as we feed in these familiar pastures as we ought? and is it not true that the Church is weaker than it should be to-day because it has not begun to realize how the soul grows strong as it feeds on the truths of the Bible? We need to beware in this day, lest we be spoiled through philosophy and vain deceit. We must feed our souls on fresh soul-food; and as Dr. Henson says, this is to be found nowhere under the stars, save in God's Word—our Bibles.

When the celebrated Grimshaw first found Christ, he told a friend that "if God had drawn up his old Bible to heaven and sent down another, it could not have been newer to him." Ought not God's Word to appear very different to a man who has stepped from darkness into light than before he took the step? Does it always?

We have the Bible in our houses, in our churches, in our hands; now, let us set about the business of getting it into our hearts.

San Jacinto, Cal.

Oberlin College held its fifty-sixth commencement on June 26th. The total number of graduates this year is 108—twenty-eight from the Theological Seminary, three from the Conservatory of Music, forty from the Classical Course, fourteen from the Philosophical, and twenty-three from the Literary. President Fairchild insisted upon the acceptance of his resignation, but the Trustees did not see their way clear for the election of a successor.

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Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The last Monday Club was very largely attended. Probably, no similar club is so well kept up during the summer months.

Rev. J. B. Thrall gave a very able and interesting talk on Utah and the Mormons. Elsewhere on this page will be found a synopsis of his address.

Addresses are expected at the club next Monday from Rev. Fred B. Pullan of Orange, New Jersey, and Rev. C. T. Weitzel of Santa Barbara. These two brethren are spending their vacation in the city, and are ably supplying the pulpits of the Third and First Churches. Our Club as well as our churches is greatly helped by visiting brethren.

Rev. F. M. Washburn of the Free Baptist Church preached to children an illustrated sermon in the morning; at night his subject was "Christian Patriotism."

The closing exercises of the "Willard Kindergarten" deserve notice, as being admirably conducted, giving pleasure to many spectators who witnessed their games for the first time, and were charmed by their perfect discipline, and love for their teacher; also, with the beautiful specimens of work, done by the little ones. The school is on the corner of Turk and Steiner streets, Miss Gereau, Principal.

Rev. W. P. Sprague addressed the Plymouth-avenue Church in the morning and the West Oakland Church at night on "Mission Work in North China."

Rev. Walter Frear preached at Berkeley in the morning.

Rev. Thomas R. Bacon preached in the First Unitarian Church in this city.

Rev. W. F. Bickford preached an illustrated sermon to his people at Lorin in the evening. He had a large black-board and crayon.

The Ladies' Society of the Haywards Church have very neatly frescoed and refitted, etc., the interior of their church building. The first services since the repairs were last Sabbath when Pastor Madge preached, showing that even in local church matters the former times are not better than these. Electric lights are used in this church.

Rev. J. B. Thrall has supplied the First Church, Oakland, for three Sabbaths, greatly to the acceptance of the people. During the vacation season the large Sabbath-school of this church is taught together, without division into classes. A representation from a Grand Army post was present last Sabbath and the children were patriotically taught.

Rev. Dr. Willey of Benicia preached last Sabbath morning from the text, "Fear not little flock," and in the evening a discourse appropriate to the Fourth of July time. At the close of the morning service Dr. Willey gave notice that he would tender his resignation as pastor, to take effect at the close of his ninth year of service, which will be at the end of next August.

We have before reported the resignation of Rev. Henry W. Jones of the pastorate of our church at Vacaville. The church decline to accept the resignation, and have given him four months vacation. Our brother and Mrs. Jones expect soon to go East, where they will meet many friends and secure a rest much needed and well earned. Mr. Jones is one of our truest men, and does excellent work wherever located. We hope he will have many years on this Coast, and, if it is God's will, with the Vacaville Church.

On the return of Pastor Thomas from Byron Springs, whither he had been seeking restoration to health, he was gladly apprized of the fact that the church had been painted both on the outside and inside; the interior had been nicely papered and recarpeted, all at an expense of about \$200. So that now "we have a comfortable House of Worship, in which we trust God will still continue to honor and bless."

EAST WASHINGTON.

We had the pleasure of a brief visit from Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., en route from Medical Lake to the Association at Ellensburg. His testimony to the efficacy of Medical Lake waters is as strong and emphatic as ever. Although in his 80th year, and having been over fifty years in constant activity, he is still quite vigorous, and his interest in Christ's Kingdom is as intense as ever. The prosperous condition of Whitman College and favorable prospects for the future makes him feel young. He feels fully rewarded for all labors and sacrifices. By his loyalty to the Master, and his efforts to honor others, he has erected to himself an enduring monument.

We are gratified to hear from Cheney, that the work under brother Chase is "fairly well organized, and that the prospects are good, and that they are looking for victory in the name of Christ Jesus." They have their plans ready, and will soon go to work to enlarge their parsonage.

The little church at Trent has purchased an excellent organ. J. E.

The Assessor's present valuation of real estate in this city is \$240,819,652, of this \$172,248,720 is for the land and \$68,570,932 for improvements. This is an increase of \$29,351,665 over last year. The total assessment including personal property this year is \$305,767,163. Three years ago the total assessment was \$230,151,009.

UTAH AND THE MORMONS.

[Following is an abstract of Rev. J. B. Thrall's address before the Monday Club:]

Revisiting this coast, after an absence of ten years, I realize that ten years are of some importance in the life of a man, as well as in the life of a great, vigorous, and growing commonwealth. The general setting I find the same. The mountains, the foothills, the bay and the ocean are still here, but every thing else is changed. Your cities have grown until I am lost in them. Dr. McLean's church in Oakland, where I have had the privilege of preaching the last three Sundays—what a great, vital body it has grown to be! Your cable roads stretch out for miles over the hills. The Seal Rocks are just as they used to be, but, instead of the sand dunes, over which I once trudged back to the city from the Cliff House, I find a great, beautiful, green park, which is one of the most striking changes I have yet observed. Perhaps I notice this march of progress the more because I live where changes are slower and conditions less hopeful.

You want to hear from Utah and Salt Lake City. I dislike to speak on this subject, because Utah and Mormonism are inseparable. We want to get these two ideas separated, and that is what we are trying to accomplish. Every country has its disadvantages, I suppose, and ours is Mormonism. Mind, I do not say Mormons, but Mormonism; for I distinguish sharply between the people and the system, and yet the worst feature of the system is its unfavorable effect upon the people.

Mormonism came to Utah in ox teams in 1847, two years before the Argonauts came to California, and now it seems a feature of the territory almost as permanent as the majestic mountain ranges.

How has Mormonism affected the past of Utah? How is it likely to affect the future? All other questions concerning Utah are incidental to these two.

This is a big subject, and I do not profess to speak as an expert. But I have lived nearly five years at the Mormon capital, and some convictions on this subject have gradually found their way into my consciousness. First, then, how did the Mormon people happen to come to Utah? The answer is that they were driven away from other parts of the country. Again, what did they find? We all know now that they found a wonderfully favored spot, a remarkable climate, a territory of very wide and varied natural resources. They had what no other State or territory has possessed; the advantage of an unmixed people and a centralized government. They had every opportunity to build a perfect commonwealth, furnished with a model government, excellent schools, and well endowed eleemosynary institutions. What use did they make of these unlimited opportunities? Let us question briefly in some detail along the following lines:

1. As to material growth. It is their boast that they made the wilderness to "bud and blossom as they rose." But any other people would have done this, and more. They captured an entire territory, secured all the water rights, and kept American enterprise away. Their leaders directly forbade them to engage in mining, which is chiefly the source of wealth in the territory, and the first mining was done by Gen. Connor under cover of United States troops. It is their boast that they have kept taxes low; but what should have been paid in taxes for schools and public improvements, has been extorted in tithes for the building of useless temples and the founding of private fortunes for their leaders.

2. As to social development. Let us grant that they are reasonably temperate, virtuous, industrious, and honest; that crime, outside of the period known as the "Reign of Terror," has not been unusually frequent, that property is comparatively safe, and that the church has exercised a restraint upon the people to prevent violent social outbreaks. Yet other facts remain. The idea of the family has received a fatal blow through the system of polygamy; their public schools are, with few exceptions, hardly worthy the name; nothing whatever has been done toward the development of an independent and thoughtful people, capable of self-government. Utah boys generally exhibit less purpose and moral tone than did their fathers, and there are already abundant indications that a carnival of hoodlumism and lawlessness would follow the sudden removal of the restraint of the Church upon the young. As to the result of the system upon the religious nature, there can be no question that after Mormonism will follow widespread infidelity. Apostates in general declare that they have tried religion once, and have had enough of the church.

The question is often asked, What holds Mormonism together? At least two characteristics tend to render it permanent. Lord Bacon somewhere says that, given fanaticism and a strong government, and you have the elements of a permanent error. Elsewhere he says that "the four pillars of government are mainly religion, justice, treasure and counsel," and adds that when any of these four pillars are "mainly shaken or weakened, men had need to pray for fair weather."

Let us briefly examine the system along these four lines, and see whether it stands on these four pillars, and whether any of them are, or are likely to be, "shaken or weakened."

1. It is a religion, or takes the place of one. It is woefully unspiritual, a

burned-out volcano, not a hearth-fire or an altar. The eruption of fanaticism has ceased, but the scoriæ and the lava remain, and deadly exhalations still pollute the atmosphere.

2. It is a government, *Imperium in imperio*. Brigham Young declared that he had a right to dictate to any Latter-day Saint in all things, "from the planting of a hill of corn, to the setting up of a stocking," and this doctrine of implicit obedience to the priesthood is fundamental in Mormonism. When a Mormon begins to think and act for himself, he ceases to be a Mormon.

3. It is a great commercial system. 4. It is one of the most compact social organizations ever known, and the cement of this is "Follow counsel." Solid bodies, when shaken, go most completely to pieces, but here the conditions which favor revolution are wanting. Sincerity, if it ever existed, is largely burned out, and individual liberty never existed, or is crushed in the germ. The Society is thoroughly organized in all its branches, and the polygamous system furnishes a tenacious cement. The doctrine of the "peculiar people" fosters a social conceit, and the belief that direct revelation may be received, and power conferred by baptism and the imposition of hands, is a bulwark of popular ignorance and bigotry.

Now, we are prepared to answer the question, How is Mormonism likely to affect the future of Utah? We have seen that it has some of the strongest elements of permanency if let alone. But our hope for Utah lies in the fact that Mormonism is not being let alone. Follow out the four lines already indicated.

1. As a religion, the schools and the churches are chiefly to be relied on. The Congregational or so-called New West schools are doing a great work. They reach the young, for nine-tenths of their pupils are of Mormon parentage, and the hope of Utah is in the young. All the denominations, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist and Baptist, are at work along this line, and our Academies, among which is our Salt Lake Academy with Prof. Benner at its head, are heading an educational revolution in Utah.

Our churches are also doing yeoman's work. There are in Salt Lake City today ten non-Mormon churches, two of our own denomination, one self-supporting; fourteen non-Mormon Sunday-schools, four of them Congregational.

2. As a government, Mormonism is receiving or has received terrible blows from Congress and the Courts. Judge Zane is again on the bench, and it has been his policy from the first to put the supremacy of the priesthood through the quartz-mill. There is no line of ordinary social cleavage in the system. It is a cemented conglomerate, and soft measures will not avail. It must first be broken up in pieces that can be handled by the ordinary forces of civilization. Under the vigorous enforcement of the Edmunds law, polygamy, from being open and blatant, has been reduced to the status of a common crime, and that is a great point gained.

3. As a commercial system, two agencies are at work for its disintegration: (a) The confiscation clause of the Edmunds-Tucker Bill, the question of whose constitutionality is still pending in the Supreme Court of the United States. (b) Rival commercial forces, railroads and mines chiefly owned and controlled by non-Mormons; the incoming of energetic capital and the rise of real-estate values. The average Mormon knows what a dollar is worth. The church has taught him that. And they are rapidly selling their properties in and around Salt Lake City and Ogden.

4. As a social organization, the forces of civilization from outside are pressing upon the system, while dissatisfactions and disappointments from within are gradually making themselves felt. The cities are growing. Ogden achieved a Gentile victory last February, and real-estate took a jump of two or three prices. Salt Lake was within a few hundred of a victory at the last registration, and there are strong hopes of a majority at the municipal election next February. Sewers are being built in Salt Lake City, an electric street railway is in process of construction, and the street railway system, hitherto controlled by the church, has been sold to a Denver syndicate.

Priestly supremacy and polygamy are commonly considered the chief bulwarks of Mormonism. They are certainly its most dangerous and most offensive elements. Of these the only way to maintain the first is: (1) through ignorance, which must gradually give way to enlightenment; or (2) through coercion and fear, which, with growing enlightenment, soon lose their force. Even when these are left alone, the losses by apostasy have been very considerable, and have only been made good by fresh importations of Mormon converts from abroad, or from the Southern States.

The bulwarks of polygamy have been: (1) Lust, which, will, of course, always exist as long as human nature remains. (2) Fanaticism, or the desire to aid in building up the kingdom, and attain high place therein. (3) Love of temporal power. (4) The urgency of the priesthood. (5) The actual existence of polygamy, which is a standing argument for its continuance.

Many intelligent Mormons regard polygamy as a curse, but see no way to get rid of it without endangering the integrity of the whole fabric. A very clear-headed monogamist declared that polygamy was an elephant on the hands of the Mormon people, and that they did not know what to do with it. A keen business man, then mayor of the

city, said there was only one of three things for polygamists to do, fight, surrender or run.

Thus, some of the very doctrines that have been inculcated by Mormon leaders, and put in practice through Mormon institutions are reacting to the downfall of the system. There is a blind Samson bowing himself upon the pillars of this mighty temple of error and palace of iniquity. If to these inner forces we add the outer, such as the schools, and the churches, among which there is a spirit of unusual inter-denominational fraternity, the union of all political parties into the Liberals, as opposed to the Mormon, or so-called People's party, the wonderful tonic and healthfulness of the climate, the glorious scenery, the remarkably stimulating and curative salt and sulphur baths, and the inexhaustible mineral resources of the region, which will surely attract many thousand health, home and fortune seekers to Utah; we may take courage for the future. Already, the shrewder and more practical Mormons are beginning to realize how this must all end, and are shaping the policy of the church, accordingly. They have given to the Gentiles of their own motion four representatives in the City Council, which was simply a sop thrown to Cerberus. They have helped to organize and carry on a joint Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce, and have helped in various schemes for advertising the resources of the territory and booming the city. Quite recently they united with the Gentiles (I dislike this word, but use it because convenient) to raise \$7,500 for Johnston and Seattle. It will be a long time before the rural strongholds of Mormonism will be captured by civilization, and Utah be fit for Statehood; but with rigid enforcement of such law as we have, with the diversion of the stream of fanaticism into channels of public enterprise and private industry, together with the advertising of Salt Lake City as a favored spot rather than as a plague sore, we may reasonably expect a few years to bring about a radical change in the situation.

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THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

Yells that brought to mind the savage
In his war paint, all alert;
Raids that recalled the savage
Of some borderland expert;
Hanging on to trees and fences,
In his efforts to explore;
Starting to a body's senses
Was the little boy next door.

If a window-pane was shattered,
Or a missile cleared the air;
If the street's repose was scattered—
Heads outpeeping everywhere—
Little need for explanation,
All had happened off before;
Mite of terror and vexation
Was that little boy next door.

Cats and dogs by intuition,
Knew of his approach and fled;
Jaunty was the cat's position
On his regal, curly head,
As with bearing independent
He would bound the crossings o'er;
With good-nature all resplendent
Was the little boy next door.

Brave, chivalric and respectful
To the old who came his way,
With a sympathy regretful
Toward each beggar, day by day;
How the wild and tame were mingled
In his nature's bounteous store!
How my nerves were hourly tingled
By that little boy next door!

When, at sunset homeward walking,
Once I missed the children's noise,
Marked their groups, in whispers talking,
Leaving all their romping joys,
Saw the snow-white ribbons streaming
From the house I stopped before—
Tears on my cheeks were gleaming
For the little boy next door.

—Independent.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR MOTHERS.

"Humph! Aprons and pants!
Both of 'em home-made!"
Robbie's face flushed; he had felt
happy about that pair of pants! But in
a minute he smiled brightly and said: "I
don't care. Home-made clothes are
the best, for they've such lots of love
sewed in; and lots of men wear aprons—
butchers and imagemen."

"What!" exclaimed the boys.
"Oh, I don't know the right word,
only I saw a gentleman in New York
making beautiful things in marble—only
he makes them first in mud—and he
had an apron on; I guess his mother
made it to save his pants."

The boys laughed, but it was a good-
humored laugh; they did not care to
tease Robbie when he took it so kindly.
"You'll be a man before your mother-
er," said Jack, thinking he had been
very smart.

"To be sure I will, 'cause she'll never
be a man; she'll only change to an an-
gel," answered Robbie.

Will, the little boy's brother, who was
really fond of him, whispered, "He's as
smart as he can be"; and Jack con-
descended to invite Robbie into the work-
shop.

"No, no," said Will, hastily, "Rob's
too little; beside, he'll—" and the boy
whispered a few words to Jack.

"Oh, please let me come; I won't tell,
if that's what you mean; maybe I can
help. Mother says I'm a born carpen-
ter. Perhaps some of these nails would
help you," and Robbie pulled out a lot
of old rusty nails from his pocket.

"Oh, let him come; he won't be in the
way, and we'll talk awhile, anyway,"
said Jack. So the three went to the
workshop, where Jack and Will amused
themselves with Robbie, who was a little
man in spite of his apron, for he let
them laugh at him and laughed with
them. But by and by the boys grew
tired of talking and Jack proposed read-
ing.

"Why, I thought you were making
something out here," said Robbie.

"No," said Jack, while Will looked
rather ashamed and uneasy. "I've
brought a few books along with me this
vacation, and we come out here to read.
You'll like the story, Robbie, and, any-
way, here's a piece of cake for you."

Robbie started in astonishment; cake
between meals was unknown in the fam-
ily. "Did mother give it to you?"

"Oh, we're not children. We eat
when we choose," said Jack, impatiently;
but Will could not look at his little
brother.

"Well, I'm not going to make my
stomach work extra times," said Robbie,
gravely. "You needn't laugh, Jack;
mother told me all about it, and we
must let our insides rest, just as we let
our hands and feet rest. But I'll sit
and hear the story. I wish mother was
here with her sewing; she likes reading
out loud."

The boys said nothing, but Jack be-
gan to read. It was a story for boys,
written to excite them and make a quiet,
steady life distasteful to them. The
hero, Bill, was making the acquaintance
of two escaped house-breakers, who put
an oath or rude, slang expression into
almost every one of their phrases. Jack
read the words all out; they did not
seem so very shocking to Will, but Rob-
bie's eyes grew bigger and bigger, until
at last he said, "Jack, mother wouldn't
let us read that, it's bad."

"Oh, nonsense! These are books
men read! Mother's only a woman,"
said Will.

Robbie seemed staggered for a moment,
and then, turning to his brother, he said,
"Will, you remember father, did he read
such books?"

The sweet, innocent face, looking so
trustingly into his, the earnest eyes,
which everyone said were "his father's
over again," drew the truth from Will,
though he did not finish the time novel.
"No; I don't believe he did; but—"

"Well, I guess we'll read father's
books," said the little fellow; and with-
out another word he walked out of the
shop.

The two boys looked at each other in
wonder and some alarm; had he gone to
tell? Will almost hoped so, for he had
not felt happy since his cousin had per-
suaded him to read those books in se-
cret. They waited anxiously expecting
every moment to see "mother" come to
the door and call them; but by and by
they saw Robbie come out staggering
along with an armful of books.

"Here, Will and Jack!" said the
child, putting his burden down carefully.
"I can't read, but I'll listen. These are
all father's books, and this one is the
best of all," and Robbie held up a worn,
much-marked Bible.

"See!" he added, "there is father's
mark," and he held it open to Will.

"My son," the boy read—and it
seemed like a voice from the grave—"if
sinners entice thee, consent thou not."
Standing with his hands behind him—
his favorite attitude—Robbie waited
to hear the reading, but neither of the
boys began. Will was too much moved
by the text he had read, while Jack turned
over the books.

"Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress! Stup-
id, I guess! Here's a book of travels! Pshaw! there isn't anything as interesting
as Buffalo Bill or The Red Hand.
Anyhow, we'll just finish the one we're
reading; what do you say?"

Will had his father's Bible in his
hand, his little brother's innocent face
before him; and though it was not easy
to say it, he answered, "I guess I won't
hear the end of that novel; I don't fit
book for us to read. Mother says we
lose our liking for really good books by
reading poor ones, and I don't mean to
read any more. These travels," and he
took up Livingstone's *Travels in Africa*—
"are very instructive, I've heard;
they'll seem stupid at first, perhaps, after
Buffalo Bill, but they are true; and
then we needn't hide up our reading."

"But it's no fun if it isn't a secret," ar-
gued Jack.

"Pshaw!" said Will, who already felt
stronger to resist temptation; "anything
mother knows about is twice as
much fun. You try it! We'll go in
and ask her to read Livingstone with us."

So, after a little more argument, the
boys went in, and mother agreed to read
with them. She knew just how to make
the book interesting, and had many
anecdotes to tell and curiosities to show
them in connection with the reading; so
that even Jack agreed that the afternoon
was pleasantly spent.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

"ONLY TEN MINUTES."

Charlotte Ballou sat curled up on the
sofa in the library lost in thought. It
was not such an important matter that
absorbed her mind either. She had
been reading, but had stopped to con-
sider whether she would not have acted
differently under the circumstances in
which the heroine of the story was placed.
Charlotte had one prominent fault
which, unfortunately, she could not be
made to consider as of much conse-
quence. She was always a little behind-
hand, given to dilly-dallying. Tom had
called her twice, saying the last time:
"I shall be at the door with the horse
in a jiffy, and if you want a ride you
must be ready."

Presently she put away her book and
went up-stairs, glancing at her watch.
"Ten minutes of three! I'll be ready
at three, and that will be soon enough;
Tom need not be in such a fret."

As the hall clock chimed out the hour
she went down. She could do things
quickly when she once got at them.
The trouble was, the habit or delay in
starting was strong upon her. She
opened the door and stood upon the
steps waiting for Tom. Just then the
stable-boy came around the corner.

"Where is Tom?" she asked.

"Gone to the city."

"Gone?"

"Yes'm; he said I was to tell you he
could not wait any longer, as he had an
engagement in the city and must be
there before banking hours were over."

"Bother!" said Charlotte, in a vexed
tone. "He can't have been gone more
than a minute or two!"

"No, ma'am; he only just went, but
he said every minute was precious—"
and here the boy stopped suddenly,
which Charlotte noticed, and she insisted
upon his finishing the sentence.

"Well, Miss Charlotte, it was nothing
only he said he had given you time
enough to get ready."

Charlotte went slowly up-stairs and
indulged in a hearty cry; she was disap-
pointed, for she very much wanted to
do some errands in the city, and now
they must wait until Monday, for this
was Saturday. She would be obliged
to wear her old gloves to church, and
her little brother and sister must do with-
out the Sunday treat from the confec-
tioners, which she always provided for
them.

"It was just horrid of Tom, anyway,"
Three hours later they met at the tea
table; some way the story had leaked
out, and Mrs. Ballou, seeing Charlotte's
sober face, and knowing how great had
been her disappointment, said gently:
"Tom, dear, couldn't you have waited
for Charlotte this afternoon?"

"No, mother; I was obliged to be in
the city at half-past, and I told Charlotte
to be ready at ten minutes of the hour,
so as to allow for delays. And as it
was, I didn't get away until almost the
hour."

"You said ten minutes of three, and I
was ready and down to the door at three.
I'm sure ten minutes isn't much to wait.
I don't think that would have made
much difference."

"I could tell you of a time when ten

minutes saved a whole regiment," re-
marked Mr. Ballou, quietly. "We didn't
know what we were saving up ten min-
utes for, but we found out when we
came to the river."

"Won't you tell us about it, sir?" asked
Tom.

"It was during Colonel Grierson's ex-
pedition through Mississippi in 1863.
We were approaching the Pearl river,
and we knew it was the season of high
water, and consequently it would be im-
possible to ford the river. The bridge
was our only hope. If the enemy had
succeeded in destroying the bridge be-
fore we reached it we would be at their
mercy. Every horse was urged to its
utmost speed, and every man anxious
for his life was on the lookout for the
gleaming of the river. Before we caught
sight of the waters of the river we heard
the roar of the rushing flood, and above
that sound came the crashing of the tim-
bers, which told us that the enemy were
at the work of destruction. I tell you,
Charlotte, ten minutes made all the dif-
ference to us between life and death, or
at least between liberty and a Southern
prison. The work of demolition was
ended by a short encounter, and we
passed over the bridge, on and beyond
the reach of the coming army. That
ten minutes might easily have been
spent in getting started, if our comman-
der had been like Charlotte in thinking
that a few moments more or less would
make no difference."

"But, father," said Charlotte, "that
was in war, and of course it was im-
portant to save up the minutes."

"My child, we did not know that ten
minutes would make us too late, and
you may come to a bridge just a little
too late when you least expect it."

"I hate to be always hurrying!" pout-
ed the young girl.

"There is no need of hurry. If you
are always prompt to put the right work
in the right time you will never hurry.
I'll venture to say that you hurried to
get ready this afternoon and were too
late, after all, because you did not save
the minutes in the first place. How
long did you sit dreaming after Tom
told you he was going to the city, and
that you could go if you were ready?"

Charlotte's cheeks flushed as she re-
plied: "Well, I know it is a bad habit.
Next time I'll be on hand!"

"Let it be not only next time, but
every time!" responded Mr. Ballou.
For you can never see the exact spot
where your ten minutes will make the
difference."—*Pansy.*

THE ICHNEUMON AND THE CARPENTER-BEE.

There are certain enemies of the carpen-
ter-bee too cowardly to achieve their ob-
jects by a fair fight. One of these, a
light and airy insect with a scimitar-
shaped body, belongs to the *Ichneumonidae*,
a family noted for deceitfulness and
immoral conduct, to say nothing of
bloodthirstiness. This designing crea-
ture loiters about and watches the Cer-
atina building her nest. When the nest
builder has filled a cell with pollen and
deposited an egg, and has departed to
seek material for a partition, the ichneumon
sneaks slyly in and lays one of its
eggs in the cell too; so, when the bee
comes back, she unconsciously walls in
with her child its deadliest foe. When
the young bee has nearly attained full
size, the ichneumon egg hatches into a
voracious little grub, which evidently
looks upon the fat bee-larva as a hungry
child might look upon a choice beef
steak. It at once falls to eating the help-
less creature, which conveniently proves
to be sufficient food to nourish the little
interloper until the latter has completed
its growth. When sufficiently grown,
the young ichneumon spins a beautiful
silken cocoon about itself in a most inno-
cent manner, and changes to a pupa.

In this state it waits until the bees in the
tunnel above it have matured and de-
parted, and then issues forth a fully de-
veloped ichneumon, and flies into the
world to play its hereditary tricks upon
any unwary insect it may chance to meet.

We found one of these ichneumon co-
coons in the middle cell of a Ceratina
nest. Only one of the mature bees was
found in the tunnel below the cocoon,
and it had its head pointed downward;
thus telling, as plainly as words could
have told, that, disgusted with the crea-
ture it found obstructing its upward path-
way, it had turned about with a firm in-
tention to dig out by way of China, or
die in the attempt! And, undoubtedly,
many which escape being eaten by the
parasite, die thus from imprisonment.—
St. Nicholas.

A RACER OF THE SEAS.

Has the reader ever stood in the en-
gine-room of an ocean steamer when
she was plunging through an Atlantic
gale at the rate of seventeen or more
knots an hour? Even if he has done
so, and been awed by the experience, it
is not likely that he has been able to fully
realize the immensity of the power
exerted. He needs some standard of
comparison, and for that purpose we
may offer him the ancient galley, and re-
peat a passage from the address made by
Sir Frederick Bramwell at the meeting
of the British Association last September:
"Compare a galley, a vessel propelled
by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner.
Take her length as some 600 feet,
and assume that place be found for as
many as 400 oars on each side, each oar
worked by three men, or 2,400 men; and
allow that six men under these conditions
could develop work equal to one horse-
power; we should have 400 horse-power.
Double the number of men, and we should
have 800 horse-power, with 4,800 men

at work, and at least the same number in
reserve, if the journey is to be carried on
continuously. Contrast the puny result
thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-
power given forth by a large prime mover
of the present day, such a power requir-
ing on the above mode of calculation
117,000 men at work and 117,000 men
in reserve; and these to be carried in a
vessel less than 600 feet in length.

Even if it was possible to carry this num-
ber of men in such a vessel, by no con-
ceivable means could their power be
utilized so as to impart to it a speed of
twenty knots an hour.—*Scribner's*

"BUDDING WISDOM."

To-be had a passion for accuracy,
and when she could not command the
expression for an idea, would quickly
make one. Thus she was overheard one
day saying to a little playmate who had
put a sand-pie into the oven and instan-
tly taken it out again, declaring it was
done: "You can't do it so. It couldn't
bake in just a now." And once when
she was out riding with her parents, and
for the first time saw a beautiful green
hedge, she pointed towards it with her
chubby finger and inquired, "Papa, in
place of a fence, what?"

She spent a summer in the country
with a family that had three dogs in
which she was very much interested.
One day, when one of the dogs was
amusing itself by turning over and toss-
ing up a box-turtle, she ran around to
the kitchen and got a bone. This she
threw to the dog, and as soon as he was
engaged with that, she snatched up the
turtle and ran into the house. She ex-
plained that she knew the dog could not
hurt the turtle, but she should think it
would "hurt the turtle's feelings to be
tossed around in that way."

Her father used to say to her, as an
inducement to good behavior, "If you
are a good girl all this month, I will
let you be so many years old on your next
birthday." This was a very solemn con-
sideration, and always had an immediate
effect, till one day she answered, as a
light suddenly burst upon her, "Why,
papa, you can't stop me from being four
years old in January! You can't make
me four years old, and you can't stop
me!"—*St. Nicholas.*

I SHALL SLEEP WITH HIM TO-NIGHT.

Sometimes I believe that the little ones
say the best things after all. I know a
little family in Detroit who were heart-
broken and sad this Saturday night.
There were three last Saturday, but to-
day only two are left. The tie that bound
them more closely than that which the
clergyman drew, has lately been loos-
ened, and the light of their lives went
out with the red winter sun only the other
night. The father is a railroad man,
whose duties call him away from home
nearly three-fourths of the time. It was
his habit, whenever he was about to start
for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising
her of the fact. In these telegrams he
never failed to mention the name of his
little four-year-old, and the despatches
usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-
night."

The baby boy was very proud of these
telegrams, which his mother would read
over to him, and he considered the "tel-
edraf" a great institution. The other
night, when the fever had done its work,
and the mother was sobbing out her an-
guish, the little one turned calmly in his
bed, and said:

"Don't ky, mamma; I shall sleep
with Dod, 'oo know. Send Dod a tel-
edraf, and tell Him I shall sleep with Him
to-night."

But the message went straight up there
without the clicking of wires or the rus-
tle of wings.—*Detroit Chaff.*

IN A LAND OF DARKNESS.

New Guinea, probably the second
island in size in the world, is less known
to civilized man than any other region
of equal size. Until recently even the
principal features of the coast had not
been accurately determined, and the in-
terior still offers an extensive field for
exploration. During the present year
an expedition under Mr. Theodore Be-
van has successfully sought a water route
to the inland mountains, discovering two
magnificent rivers with numerous tribu-
taries. The main streams were named
the Douglas and Jubilee, and were navigated
for 130 and 140 miles. The course
led into a country of superb
mountain scenery, through fertile lands,
in which sago, bananas, tobacco, bread
fruits and sugar-cane were found to be
indigenous. The island proved to be
practically uninhabited except within a
few miles of the coast. Seven tribes of
natives were encountered near the Gulf
of Papua, the largest numbering 400 or
500 men. The climate was not un-
healthy, the temperature varying from
seventy-two to eighty-six degrees during
the day.

How LORD MACAULAY READ.—When
a boy I began to read very earnestly, but
at the foot of every page I read, I stop-
ped and obliged myself to give an ac-
count of what I had read on that page.
At first I had to read it three or four
times before I got my mind firmly fixed.
But I compelled myself to comply with
the plan, until now, after I have read a
book through once, I can almost recite
it from beginning to the end. It is a
very simple habit to form early in life,
and is valuable as a means of making
our reading serve the best purpose.

A great portion of the unhappiness in
this world is caused by anticipating casu-
alties which never take place.

People Wonder

WHEN they find how rapidly health
is restored by taking Ayer's Sas-
saparilla. The reason is that this
preparation contains only the purest
and most powerful alteratives and
tonics. To thousands yearly it proves a
veritable elixir of life.

Mrs. Jos. Lake, Brockway Centre,
Mich., writes: "Liver complaint and
indigestion made my life a burden
and came near ending my existence.
For more than four years I suffered un-
told agony. I was reduced almost to
a skeleton, and hardly had strength to
drag myself about. All kinds of food
distressed me, and only the most deli-
cate could be digested at all. Within
the time mentioned several physicians
treated me without giving relief. Not-
withstanding that I took seemed to do any
permanent good until I began the use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has pro-
duced wonderful results. Soon after
commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I
could see an

Improvement

in my condition, my appetite began to
return and with it came the ability to
digest all the food taken, my strength
improved each day, and after a few
months of faithful attention to your
directions, I found myself a well
woman, able to attend to all household
duties. The medicine has given me a
new lease of life, and I cannot thank
you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of
Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify
that the above statement, made by
Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular
and entitled to full credence."—O. P.
Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A.
Wells, Druggists.

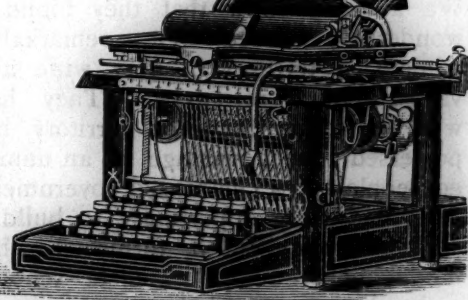
"My brother, in England, was, for a
long time, unable to attend to his oc-
cupation, by reason of sores on his foot.
I sent him Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and the
testimonials it contained induced him to
try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using it
a little while, he was cured, and is now
a well man, working in a sugar mill at
Brisbane, Queensland, Australia."—
A. Attewell, Sharbot Lake, Ontario.

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device, instead of wood, is the greatest in-
vention ever made in pianos. It consists
of stationary steel tuning pins that are set
in a mold and milled steel is run round
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strings are properly stretched the piano
can never get out of tune, the rest being
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becoming utterly, totally and entirely
worthless as a musical instrument. Our
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by rust, and the soundness of the board
is so constructed that our pianos can never
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Miscellany.

IDEALS.

There is but one bird sings like that!
From Paradise it flew,
Out to the world, with warring plumage gay,
When on creation's glad, awakening day
The morning wore the dew.

It is not nightingale or lark,
Oh, a diviner bird!
In moon-touched forests, sweet with night
And dew,
In dawn-stirred meadows, when the Spring
Goes through,
Its voice was never heard.

Its nest? In boughs of fadeless bloom,
Nowhere that we can see.
The winds have never found it, and the rain
Of wasting autumns beat the leaves in vain
On that immortal tree.

Its age—its country? No man knows.
Born for the world's delight,
No bird that goes through splendors of the dawn,
Or homeward comes, down quiet twilight drawn,
Has wings for such far flight.

Can we find it? All the world
Is seeking it—afar,
Each in his turn has cried, "Lo, it is mine!"
Oh, bitter sweet! Still is the joy divine
Farther than flower from star.

Juliet C. Marsh.

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

Every ambitious girl is at some time possessed by a desire to earn money, and looks about to discover what she can do. There are over three million women and girls in the United States who are engaged in other than household occupations, and the army is constantly increasing. In other countries women have long mingled with men, and performed labor which an American would be liable to consider adapted to male laborers only. Many people would be amazed if told that there are sixty thousand female farmers, or agricultural laborers, in the United States; yet good authority gives this estimate. In Georgia it is not thought improper for girls who work in the field to wear male attire. By doing so, they escape the cumbersome dress which would drag in the dirt and catch on weeds and briars. Two girls, sisters, in New Orleans, have gone into the dairy business. They have large stables, milk many cows, and appear to be doing well. The business is a paying one, and not so unwomanly as might appear at first thought. There are others in various parts of the country who are similarly employed.

In New York City there are three women who are well known as butchers, and one has followed the business at the same place for twenty-five years. Another has been a butcher for twenty years. One would naturally expect such women to be coarse and masculine, but one of them is said to be "a delicate and refined looking little woman, and in or out of her store would hardly be supposed equal to so robust an occupation." San Francisco has a girl blacksmith, aged fifteen years, and it is said she can turn out as fine a shoe as ever graced the foot of a race-horse. Here, again, one would expect to find a stout, coarse-grained person; but on the contrary she is said to be rather fragile than strong, with a slender arm and shapely hand. The delicate finish of her work shows a fineness of nature unlooked for in a girl blacksmith. She does not, however, intend to put her accomplishment to a practical use.

In Bay City, Michigan, girls are employed as shingle packers. There are thousands of odd and unexpected things which women and girls do in order to earn money. It is merely a matter of taste or choice that decides whether a girl will do house-work, stand behind a shop counter, or perform one of the many things which she can do if she tries. It is plain to see that her sphere is not so limited as is usually supposed. Nearly every person is adapted for something. If a girl can make money by milking a cow, making horseshoes or packing shingles, it is quite as respectable for her to do it as for a man. There was a girl in Connecticut who served as fireman and engineer on a locomotive. Of course she was obliged to disguise her sex in male attire. She was an English girl who had performed similar work, in disguise, in her own country.

The professions are open for girls. They may become doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc. At the present time there are at least twenty-five hundred women physicians in this country. A great Frenchman has said: "Women show themselves superior to men in all kinds of offices; men can only keep up with them, when cultivating themselves more, when lifting and educating themselves to a higher standard." If this is true, then our girls should take courage. They have a natural advantage over the opposite sex at the start, which will, in time, overcome the artificial advantages of social restriction; where women have genuine superiority—as they surely have at many points—it is certain to place them on a level with, if not above, their brothers. There is one rule which holds good for both sex, "Learn what you can do best, and do it to the best of your ability."—*Treasure-Trove.*

WAS IT A MISTAKE.

BY REV. H. MARTIN KELLOGG.

I left the seminary with the theory that every person whose name was on the church book was in duty bound to take part in meeting by virtue of his Christian profession. Going to my first charge, I made a list of the male members of the church, with the resolution that I should call on them all in turn, without any previous intimation, to take part in meeting. At one prayer-meet-

ing a prominent business man came in, who was yet a stranger to me. I had his name as a church member, and that was all. I announced a hymn, and said, "After this is sung Brother P. will please offer prayer." I was conscious immediately that a great blunder had been committed. Many stared and smiled, and he himself looked wild, then grew very pale, and then a vivid blush mantled his face. With hesitation he arose and began a prayer, at first hardly audible and with cold manner; then there seemed to be a breaking up of restraint and an opening of the flood gates, and he poured out of a yearning heart a fervid prayer that aroused all apathy, awoke slumbering consciences, and grasped convulsively the horns of the heavenly altar. It was lengthy, but not tedious, as all were sensible that he was wrestling with the Almighty for himself, for his young pastor, and for the church. When finally he said "Amen," the subdued and tearful audience felt that a modest Jacob in their midst had become a prevailing Israel, and had achieved a victory. He came to me the next day privately, and thanked me for calling him out, saying that it was just what was needed to start him in active Christian work. At the next meeting, not waiting for me to throw the meeting open, he arose, and in humble tones of penitence, confessed his wrong in a long-standing grudge between himself and another member of the church, and walked to his side, asking forgiveness then and there. The other person, thoroughly subdued, then confessed his part in the difficulty, and they heartily shook hands in burying the hatchet. What a meeting that was! Others made confessions, new voices spoke up for Christ, some cried aloud for mercy on their sins, all were bathed in tears, there were sorrowings and rejoicings mingled. Suffice it to say, that was the beginning of a very gracious revival both in and out side the church.—*Religious Intelligence.*

BITS OF FUN.

"What is a house without a baby?" asked a lady writer, and an old bachelor editor replied: "It is comparatively quiet."

"Look here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a man to a German butcher. "Mine friend, all dot beef vat I sells is back of dot neck. Dere was nodding but horns in front of dot neck."

Janitor (to his wife, who has hung the water pail on the gas jet): "Bridget, me darlin', did Mr. Levystraus tell ye to put this pail on the gas jet?" *Bridget*: No, Pat; but he was after sayin' that the gas was lakins, shure!"

It was at the baptismal font, and the minister had the baby in his arms. "What is the name?" he asked the mother. "Josephine Newton." "Joseph E. Newton, I baptize thee." "No, no," hurriedly whispered the mother in great alarm, "not Joseph E. Newton—Josephine Newton; it's not that kind of a baby."

A newly married couple from the country boarded a Philadelphia street-car the other day. When the car became crowded the bridegroom gallantly arose and offered his seat to a lady. "Oh, Wilyum," said the bride in alarm, "are you going to leave me?" "No," said Wilyum, "I'm goin' to hold on one of them leathers." "Well, Wilyum," said she, "let me hold on, too;" and as she arose, she tossed her head scornfully at the lady who had taken her lover's seat.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper's autobiography contains a store of interesting anecdotal matter. Indeed, it is quite the most reliable thing the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" ever wrote. In speaking of the dangers to which a writer's manuscripts are always open, he tells us of a faithful maid arranging his study and always putting his papers in awful confusion. "Upon my cautioning her," he says "not to destroy anything, I was horrified by the unconscious Audrey's instant reply, 'Oh! sir! I never burn no paper but what is spoiled by being written on.'" And he goes on to say that in "prehistoric days, when we sported with loose powder and shot and paper wadding, I was a guest for some days in September with James MacLaren at Tichehurst, and recollect his horror at finding that the luncheon sandwiches were wrapped in some of his most precious MSS.—for he was writing a treatise on finance, and those leaves were covered with calculations—and that his shooting-party were ramming down their charges with the recorded labor of his brains."

WHEN IS LAND TOO HIGH PRICED FOR SHEEP?

We confess inability to answer this question—in fact, question whether land can be cheap enough for farming of any kind, and yet be too dear for sheep. There is certainly an erroneous notion prevalent concerning this matter. It is said of old and densely settled portions of the country that they must abandon sheep-raising, which must be relegated to newer and cheaper lands. This is a mistake. The newer lands need little if any enriching, while the old lands must be constantly receiving new supplies of material with which to feed their crops. This is furnished in no way as easily, as steadily and as satisfactorily as by sheep. England affords ample proof that farming land does not get too high-priced for the flock; and no farmers cling more closely to their sheep, or would part with them more reluctantly, than the farmers of the mother country.—*Stockman.*

CLASS IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

"What is a well-deserved holiday?" "Our administration enjoying a month in the mountains, fishing."

"Correct. Next boy. What is junketing?" "Any member of the opposition administration attending the funeral of his old father."

"That's right. Now, what is a statesman?" "The gentleman who runs the caucus in Ward 4."

"Yes. And what is a pothouse politician?" "The heeler nominated for President by the other party."

"Right you are. What is a pean of victory?" "Three cheers for our candidate."

"And what is a hideous howl from a score of drunken throats?"

"Three cheers for the other candidate."

"What is meant by 'the millions of free hearts and honest hands upon which rest the hopes and destinies of the republic?'"

"Us."

"And to whom does 'the groveling horde of blatant demagogues that wallow in a fetid cesspool of festering corruption' refer?"

"Them."

"Correct all round. To-morrow bring your blue books to school with you, and we'll pick out what is good for you. Remember, on your way home, all the opposition members live on the shady side of the street. The pupils will find a basket full of stones in the area as they pass out. Now, be good boys and don't create any disturbance. The class is dismissed."—*Burdette, in the Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE "VIRGIN OF THE NAPKIN."

When painting the pictures for the Capuchins, Murillo dwelt in their convent nearly three years, it is said, without once leaving it. He painted for these monks twenty pictures with life-size figures, and several smaller works. Seventeen of these are now in the Museum of Seville, for the monks had the wisdom to send their pictures to Cadiz for safe keeping before the "Plunder-master-general of Napoleon," as Soult has been called, could reach them. When the French wars were ended, the pictures were returned to Seville. I cannot speak of them separately, but will say that the Madonna called "La Virgen de la Servilleta," or the Virgin of the Napkin, now in the Museum, has this pretty story connected with it. The legend is that the cook of the convent grew very fond of Murillo during his long service to the artist, and when the time came for them to be separated, the cook begged the painter for a keepsake. The painter said he had no canvas left; the cook quickly gave him a napkin and asked him to use that; with his usual good nature, Murillo assented, and soon painted this picture, which is now one of the most famous art treasures of the world. It is not large, and represents the Virgin with the Child Jesus, who leans forward, almost out of the picture, as if to welcome any one who approaches it. It has a brilliant color, and so affects one that it is not easy to turn away from it.—*St. Nicholas.*

WORSHIP IN TRUTH.

Canon Hare, England, has been delivering a series of lectures on "Worship." In the course of his last address he emphasized the following point:

"Our worship must be in truth. There is a great deal of false liberality in these days. I can hardly call it liberality; I will rather call it liberalism, in which people are disposed to regard it as a matter of indifference whether other people hold the truth or not. They say it does not matter. A man believes in atonement through the precious blood of Christ, and he is quite satisfied if another man does not believe it at all; he thinks him as good as himself. I had it said to me not long ago, 'He is an excellent man, an evangelical man, but he does not believe in the atonement.' Then he said they that worship Him in spirit and in truth, and our Lord teaches us that if there is true sanctification, it will be through the truth, not through opposite truths diverse from each other, but that the truth of God is one; it is the faith once delivered to the saints. According to Eph. iv. 5, there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Then there is one way of approaching to God. Man may try many ways. Some may think that their own conduct is a good way by which they can approach unto God. The Scripture teaches us that there is only one way, and our Lord says, "I am—not one of many ways, but—the Way, the Truth and the Light. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Here I have a most important truth taught me, that if I wish to approach the Father, it must be through the Son.

CAPTAIN LINCOLN.—It is not unworthy of notice that in a country where military titles were conferred with ludicrous profusion, and borne with absurd complacency, Lincoln, who had actually been commissioned, and had served as captain, never used the designation after he laid down his command.—*The Century.*

Truth, like genuine gold, will always bear the touchstone, and appear the brighter the more it is examined.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

OH, SPEAK TO ME, MY BLESSED LORD!

Oh, speak to me, my blessed Lord!
Amid life's busy, hurrying tread;
Calm thou my fears and quaking heart,
Until my soul with thine is wed.

Oh, speak to me at early morn,
When low I bend the knee in prayer,
To seek thy Holy Spirit's cheer,
Eternal joys with thee to share!

Oh, speak to me at twilight's eve,
In gentle whispers soft and low!
When I am weary, faint and weak,
Then teach me thy sweet rest to know.

Oh, speak to me of sinners lost,
Who long to hear the herald's voice,
That bids them seek in Christ their all,
And make of truth and love their choice!

Oh, speak to me, my blessed Lord,
That I may tell in accents sweet,
The story of thy gracious love,
Till all on earth its song repeat!

Oh, speak to me of holy things,
And love that knows no fear!
Then shall my spirit ever dwell
In light eternal, bright and clear.

Oh, speak to me in every hour,
With some sweet message from above;
Oh, let me hear thee ever speak
Of God's own glorious, wondrous love!

Oh, speak to me when angels come
To bear my souls to realms of light,
That I may look beyond earth's night,
To Bethlehem's star forever bright!

C. R. HAGER.

A NEW IOWA BOOK.

It is announced that our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Societies will shortly issue a volume of great value and interest. It is entitled "Life and Times of Father Asa Turner of Denmark," the pioneer Congregationalist of Illinois and Iowa. He was a remarkable character and famous for his shrewd and racy remarks, as well as his practical, common sense and his stalwart Congregationalism. The work will embrace New England country and college like sixty years ago, sketches of contemporary pioneer ministers, early churches in Illinois and Iowa. He was a remarkable character and famous for his shrewd and racy remarks, as well as his practical, common sense and his stalwart Congregationalism. The work will embrace New England country and college like sixty years ago, sketches of contemporary pioneer ministers, early churches in Illinois and Iowa. He was a remarkable character and famous for his shrewd and racy remarks, as well as his practical, common sense and his stalwart Congregationalism. The work will embrace New England country and college like sixty years ago, sketches of contemporary pioneer ministers, early churches in Illinois and Iowa.

There is a threefold submission to God—first, of our carnal hearts to his holiness; secondly, of our proud hearts to his mercy; thirdly, of our revolting hearts to his sovereignty.—*Dr. Manton.*

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Progress in 1888.

Increase in interest.....	\$ 507,758 68
Increase in benefits to policy-holders.....	1,437,859 26
Increase in surplus for dividends.....	1,653,206 94
Increase in premiums.....	2,840,737 03
Increase in total income.....	3,348,495 71
Increase in assets.....	10,400,340 70
Increase in insurance written.....	18,270,436 00
Increase in insurance in force.....	60,950,969 30

Results of Forty-four Years.

Received from policy-holders in premiums in 44 years, 1845-88.....	198,940,368 89
Paid to policy holders and their representatives.....	117,222,937 21
Assets held as security for policy-holders January 1, 1889.....	98,480,138 55

Total amount paid policy-holders and now held as security for their contracts.....	\$210,703,128 76
Amount paid and held exceeds amount received.....	\$11,762,760 87

Received from interest, rents, etc., in 44 years, 1845-88.....	\$48,290,724 80
Death losses paid in 44 years, 1845-88.....	45,006,791 16

Interest and rents exceeds death losses paid.....	\$3,283,933 64
Dividends paid in 44 years, 1845-88.....	\$1,928,272 99

Surplus over liabilities, under new State law, Jan. 1, 1889.....	\$13,500,000 00
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A PRELIMINARY SURVEY.

DEAR PACIFIC: The town of San Andreas is the county seat of Calaveras County, and was once famous for its gold mines. It is a place of about 600 inhabitants. It has a good brass band and two baseball clubs, one Roman Catholic and one Protestant Church. About 18 months ago a base ball boom struck the town; it is now suffering from its effects. The new church, which is commodious and well furnished inside, stands below where the old Union Church stood. The town is healthy and beautiful for situation. Dorcas and Lydia, with Martha and Mary, reside here. Lazarus is dead and Timothy not grown up. A noble band of Christian women "hold the fort." "Blest be the tie that binds."

Brother Crawford drove me down from Mokelumne Hill, where we closed a delightful meeting the night previous (Sunday, June 9th). June 10th there was a town meeting to organize a "Board of Trade." Five attended our services. Brother Crawford drove home after meeting; I remained. Martha, though cumbered as usual, had made provision for me. I had a neat room at the house of Sister Dorcas, was to breakfast each morning with Sister Lydia, and the balance of the time "board around," (like ye ancient pedagogues). On Wednesday I had small posters printed and tacked them up in public places; at night eleven came. On Thursday Brother Crawford came back; twenty-three attended meeting; Brother Crawford returned home on Friday. A gratifying increase with a deepening influence gave encouragement. On Sunday morning attended Sunday-school and taught the Bible-class. Sister Ella Wylie is the efficient Superintendent; Miss Branch is the organist; the school is ably conducted. I preached at eleven, and at night closed the meeting. From the first meeting a special interest was shown and a genuine work of grace made manifest. Having made arrangements to begin work at Copperopolis, I was compelled to close the meeting. Have promised to return and hold special services afternoon and at night for two weeks. Arrangements have been made for my entertainment at the home of Sister Lydia; my horse will be cared for. This systematic, business-like way has its advantages. At the Prospect office I found Mr. Severy, one of the editors, a gentleman who was connected with a religious newspaper, of which I afterwards became managing editor. The job office of the Prospect is above the average of country offices.

The Union Mine "closed down," and the young men, who a few weeks ago joined the church in San Andreas, have left for other points. This is a calamity. I am much pleased with the noble band of workers composing the church in San Andreas. Through many discouragements they have kept on, hoping against hope. The dawn reveals the coming day. God grant that they may rejoice in the fullness of its light.

I am now in Copperopolis. Have the church in good shape (after ten days' hard work). Commenced a special meeting last Saturday night, and shall continue with God's help until the citadel falls. For this purpose I was sent into Calaveras county. Organized a Sunday school here last Sunday morning, congregations slowly but surely increasing. The day is at hand.

WILLIAM H. TUBBS.

Copperopolis, June 28th.

IN MEMORIAM.

STARATT—Died, in Fresno, June 25, 1889, William B. Staratt, aged 17 years and 4 months.

"Subdued be your voices, and soft be your tread;
Ah, well, may you weep—a kind heart is dead."

Yes, he is gone. The dear voice is hushed in death, and the willing hands are clasped in their long rest above the pulseless heart.

Willie joined the church about three years ago, and was an active member of our Y. P. S. C. E. He is the first one of our little band to be called home, and we will miss him sorely.

If our sorrow is so deep, what can be said of the gloom and sadness in that home to which he was so dear?

Through all his illness, in spite of his suffering, his faith in his Heavenly Father never wavered; and in his last hours he prayed that God would make him fit to die or fit to live.

And though the dark tomb has enclosed his form, we have still the sweet memory to cling to, and there floats down to us from the realms of bliss a soft echo of peace and consolation. A FRIEND.

In 1883 our city Supervisors accepted the gift of three public drinking fountains from Dr. H. D. Cogswell, and agreed to set them up in a satisfactory and workmanlike manner, and take care of them. One of these fountains was erected and has been in use for several years. The other two which were to be erected, one in the New City Hall grounds and the other in Golden Gate Park, have been received, but not even properly stored, and no steps have been taken for their erection. Dr. Cogswell fulfilled his part of the contract in good faith. The city authorities should do as they agreed, or else give to him and the public satisfactory reasons for their failure.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JUNE 30 I SAM. 4: 1-18.

BY REV. WM. H. SOUDDER.

Golden Text, I Sam. iii: 13.

The twenty years since last lesson are bridged with a single sentence (v. i), but important events were preparing, of which glimpses may be caught, as one sees the grass between the fence palings while sweeping past in a train. "The sorrowful death of Eli" was but the climax of events based in time's sand, and we are to look at the whole structure with a view to determining the divine workings through Israel. After Joshua's conquests and the apportionment of tribal territory, there came a time of quiescence during which the former occupants of the country seemed to possess some superiority, at times even oppressing the Israelites. The book of Judges contains the history of several attempts made by various portions of the Israelites to throw off their oppressors. The account in this lesson, taken with the closing chapters of Judges, shows the gradual increase, strengthening and amalgamation of the twelve tribes, until they feel able to rise to a final issue for liberty and possession of the promised inheritance, and entertain a desire for the monarchical form of government, which was inaugurated under Samuel (Ch. x).

I. It was through this attempt at liberty that Jehovah was to teach his chosen people: (1) they had forgotten his peculiar relation to them, and had to rely upon their own prowess. The attempt to regain liberty was instantly met by the Philistines, who congregated, fought and smote the Israelites. Then it was that Israel remembered its forsaken allegiance to God. Casting about for a reason for their defeat, they bethought themselves of a neglected duty and a failure to honor Jehovah as the nation had honored him in the wars under Moses and Joshua. The expression, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us?" indicates that they attributed defeat more to the divine displeasure than the Philistines' power. And there is place for a thought here. It is not uncommon, after these thousands of years, for persons whose plans meet with defeat, whose way is rough and whose shoulders are burdened, to attribute these unwelcome things to divine displeasure. It may be, indeed, that God's displeasure is merited, perhaps expressed, but his dealings fail in their initial purpose unless, rising above these, we grasp the conception of correction and education, and that, out of love, rather than displeasure. Jehovah was educating Israel back to their true allegiance to him, and they learned the lesson through adversity. Have we? (2) That led to the further lessons of verses 4-11. The arrival of that sacred structure, before which enemies had been routed, waters parted, impregnable walls flattened, sent thrills of satisfaction through the Israelitish camp. They scented the victory from afar! Had they not returned to Jehovah? Had they not his presence with the Ark of the Covenant? Were not the priests Hophni, "the fighter," and Phinehas, "the brazen mouth," there to exercise their religious functions in behalf of Israel? So the earth rings again with the shouts, and the noise penetrates to the hostile camp. But the second defeat proved their assumptions wrong, teaching them and us that religion is something beside empty form, and the presence of sacred symbols does not always indicate the presence of God. If they had considered their idolatries, their apostasies and the corruption of Jehovah's religion by the degenerate priests, their boasts would have given place to repentance, and their rejoicings to lamentations before Jehovah. And when has God ceased, in lessons full as pointed as Israel's defeat, to show his people the emptiness of forms, the necessity of a living faith and the vitality of spirituality? Learn it in the external show of Pharisaic morality in our Saviour's time; in the vain pomp of ecclesiastical show in Luther's time, and in the powerlessness of church machinery *per se* in our own day. And let this be applied to those, who, holding a form of godliness, deny the power thereof, not because of the lack of power, but of opening the heart to its working; and were ready to learn the third lesson here taught. (3.) That God's enemies are not put to flight by the confidence and shoutings of his people; no, nor even at the presence of God among his people, as the Philistines supposed was the case. If there is not the energy of presumption, there will be of despair. (v. 9). As the Christian conflict deepens, the Church and the individual must bear this in mind. The legions of the evil one admit no defeat till defeated. The Church may suppose the kingdom of our Lord will come, but not till God's people unitedly carry the battle into the enemies' quarters, and in Christ's name beat them back, will the victory be; not until each, with complete armor, captures every part of his nature for Christ, will his spiritual enemies be destroyed. Meantime these foes strengthen themselves for the fray, and many times defeat us, even when we think the victory must be ours. Beside thus teaching his people,

gods which are among you." Notwithstanding the sacred avowal at that time, and the new covenant assumed, religion seemed to degenerate. The intermarriage with the original inhabitants (Judg. iii: 5), the prevalence of the Phœnician worship, together with the customs of local religions, combined to work mischief in Israel. Idolatry not only prevailed among the people, but penetrated the Levitical tribe, set apart for God's service. (Judg. xvii: 6.) The climax of religious degeneration is reached in Eli's sons, who actually introduced the frightful rites of Phœnician worship into the sacred tabernacle at Shiloh, corrupting the nation and dishonoring God. They were sons of Belial—

"Than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God!"
—Paradise Lost, Bk. I, 490.

It was necessary for the sake of saving; hence the prediction (Ch. ii: 27-36). Yet there must be space given for preparation to that saving. Hence, the twenty years or more during which religion became so corrupted that men were disgusted with it (a method of preparation, by the by, which has been repeated not once or twice since), Samuel grows on apace, the sole recipient of divine revelation, and Eli weakly remonstrates and mourns. God's entire absence in the people's heart is shown in this lesson, and no worse calamity, they thought, could befall them than the capture of the ark. But He who knows all things saw the end from the beginning, and on the death of Hophni, Phinehas and Eli, separated the function of judgment and priesthood, and raised up a faithful priest, beginning with Samuel, and culminating in our "faithful High Priest." (Heb. vi: 6.) And we may rest assured that it will ever be so, for God will have his religion kept pure, and his ministers faithful to him.

Plymouth Church.

UMBRE SYLVANUM.

BY REV. J. W. BRIER, JR.

Reader, didst ever invade the solemn stillness of a redwood forest? Didst ever traverse its dusky aisles and "long-sounding corridors"? The "over-vaunted, grateful gloom" awed thy spirit, did it not? The silence was like that of ruins; yet, under those high-branching glories and costly woven arras, thy heart acknowledged its fane, and thy soaring thought rendered homage to Him who is invisible. If thou art imaginative, we shall the more easily travel together. *Sequoia Sempervivens!* Truly, if there be a phrase that will more admirably fill the mouth, it is reserved for a race of giants, whose majesty is profaned by the vulgar familiarities of speech. Yet, these monarchs of the Sierras are not more kindly than their cousins that flourish down by sea, whose native domain is, by comparison, an empire to a principality—multiply one hundred leagues by twelve, three hundred miles by thirty-six. Rank above rank, seriatim, along the receding heights; columnar forms with broad, curved branches, caparisoned with shadowy green; forms and branches pale red, dashed with grey, fading into ash of roses, yonder, where the streaming banners of departing day float along the uplifted horizons.

First of all, let us descend upon the forest, from the east—from hills denominated "bald" with offensive vulgarity. Indeed, this bald expression does equal violence to elegance and honesty. These hills are rich in grasses and clovers, in ferns and fennels and flowers. They support innumerable flocks and herds. They are embossed with mossy tree clumps—clear verdure of the gaudy summer, and deeper, richer coloring of a perennial bloom. Between them slide the happy rills, that mingle at length on equal terms—

"And sparkle out among the ferns
To blunder down the valley."

One is tempted to loiter here, at least for a day of sunshine and a night of dew freshness. The sky is cloudless, full of the tender blue of for-get-me-nots, and filling all this upper world with tenderness as of spring ripening on the threshold of summer. July approaches, yet not a bird is silent, or drooping. The doves are crooning from leafy perch, or flashing hither and yonder over the dappled lawns. Wild pigeons, with solemn sentry air, watch from the gray branches of yonder girdled trees. There are delicate odors of new-mown hay, of lily and of hedge-rose on the air. The sweetness of field and coppice seems to be melting away with the dews. Over the high rail fence, with its stakes and rider, the pasture lands are flecked with slow-feeding kine, and mares with their frolicking foals. Yonder is a flock of Angora goats, without any temptation to climb the lofty fence or eat the iron hinges of the gates. Half the low amphitheatre is dark with a dense array of trees, the out-standing ranks of the mighty army of the *Sequoia Sempervivens*. Now, gain the summit of the nearest hill, and turn your face away from the morning. It is thirty miles or more to the ocean shore. If the air is clear of vapor, even at so great a distance you will see the winged craft that ply between our metropolis and that of our neighbor in the North. We are in Sherwood valley; and, before we enter the forest, let us journey four leagues northward, where we shall intersect the road from Round valley to Westport. From that point we shall drop over into a nar-

row, irregular vale, drained by a tributary of Eel river. Here we shall touch the very heart of the wood. Here we shall find its deepest, richest grain. Here we shall see—

"The tearful glimmer of the rosy dawn
On the long, rank wood-walks drenched
In dew
Leading from lawn to lawn."

Here we shall find deep dells of shadow and ferny hill slopes, only crossed and recrossed by the trooping phantoms of shade; and glades that hold the sunshine, where berries ripen and the garniture is of bramble roses, fox gloves and tiger lilies. Wherever in all this sylvan solitude a pioneer has made his home, he has found the soil readily responsive. Now, if the woodman will clear yonder level through which the little river winds, he will have a farm unsurpassed for fertility from ocean to ocean. Imagine, if you can, the labor involved in such an enterprise. The tempting acres are thickly set with giants from six to twenty feet in diameter, and from one to three hundred feet in altitude. They interlace their foliage and swing together to the music of the breeze. They heave a mighty breastwork against the wintry blast. I cannot understand how they can fall or break, unless, like the bridge under the throbbing feet of an army, they yield to the spell of unisonant motion. How long would it take a score of woodmen to clear an acre of such land as this? Hark! a steam whistle? Yes, over the ridge and coastward, on the margin of a once beautiful stream, there is a saw mill. Alas! why is the water that once murmured over the golden gravel now so inky black, floating myriads of bubbles? The sawdust, as you see, is dumped into the crystal current, whereby the latter is not only discolored—it is poisoned. The trout no longer sport in its eddying pools—no longer hatch their young on its silvery bars. The stag no longer emerges from the whimpled coppice, to slake his thirst and view his form in its mirror wave. The spirit of the stream is fled to escape pollution; the lifeless form alone remains, still sliding down to the briny beach, there to be spanned with drift and weeds, and unburied carcasses of the slain. Hear you not, far above this scene, the mournful voice of another *Ænone*—

"They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
Whose thick, mysterious boughs, in the dark
morn,
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone *Ænone* see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow, moonlit slips of silver cloud
Between the loud stream and the trembling
stars."

What is to be the end of all this spoliation? The mighty phalanxes of the wood temper the winds and break the power of the tempest. They retain the vapor, otherwise borne to distant mountain tops, or dissipated by the heat of a comparatively treeless waste. Is not our immunity from thunder, water spouts and cyclones to be mainly referred to the wide belts of forest that divide our territory with hills and valleys and ample plain, from ocean shore to granite peaks and fields of shining snow? Is there not a wantonness of greed and insolent scorn of prevision in the swift annihilation of these, our safe-guards? In Japan it is law that, whoever chops down a tree shall plant another. We, less considerate of the rights of posterity, encourage our capital Vandals to sweep away the majestic growth of twenty centuries, leaving us only a tumult of charred remains. Our triple standing army, without conscription or tax levy, is broken into pieces, defeated and slain, extirpated by fire and flashing blade, and our descendants will be exposed to pitiless storms and all consuming drought.

Pardon this heat. Let us get back, away from the screaming locomotive and the resounding axe.

That was a grand old man, who—
"When men came up unto his darling trees
He moved some hundred miles off, for a
station
Where there were fewer houses and more
ease."

All that remains here for the disquieted Spirit of a Boom or a Leather Stocking, is to find a tranquil pocket. Alas! these pockets all belong to a pair of trousers, the owner only awaiting his time to become the wearer. The larger part of a domain stretching from Tamalpais to the Siskiyou Mountains is entered in the name of Capital, Syndicate or Company. Timber Cove, Stewart's Point, Gualala, Mendocino, Fort Bragg, Westport, Shelter Cove—these the consolidated enterprises of Humboldt! The billows no longer break upon a wild enchanted shore. Everywhere one encounters the saw-mill, the railroad, the logging camp. Every league or more one enters a village or sea-port town. On every hand it is the scream of the locomotive, the quick resounding strokes of the axe, the shout of the ox-driver, the whirr and buzz of saws, the shrieking thunder of falling giants, the dark and deadly pollution of running waters.

EASTERN NOTES.

Dr. Waldenstrom addressed a large audience of Swedes in New Britain, Ct., June 16th.

The Dwight Place church, New Haven, Ct., received ninety-five members the last year.

On the night of June 19th, the Meeting House at Sloan, Ia., was demolished by a cyclone.

A Sunday-school at Chattanooga, Tenn., has grown into a church that must be self-supporting.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been invited to hold meetings with the churches of South Boston, Mass., in October.

One hundred and forty-eight have been received into the church at Mansfield, Ohio, since January 1st.

Only two of the Iowa Band who went to Iowa forty-seven years ago are in active service, Dr. Robbins of Muscatine, and Dr. Salter of Burlington.

The church at Johnstown, Penn., lost its house, its pastor and most of its membership in the flood. Enough remain to begin anew. They are entirely destitute. Aid may be sent to Rev. T. W. Jones, 218 South Thirty-seventh street, Philadelphia.

MARRIED.

HUMASON—PETERSON.—In this city, Thursday, June 27th, by Rev. L. J. Garver, Mr. Wm. Grant Humason to Miss Laura Peterson.

Publishers' Department

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Of the highest importance and interest are the chapters of the Lincoln Life in the July Century. A thrilling episode is described in Kennan's Siberian paper for the same month. Frederic Remington the artist himself describes his experiences among the Apaches and Comanches; but his rather pessimistic impressions are offset by an "Open Letter" by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. "Woman in Early Ireland" is the illustrated paper in Mr. de Kay's Irish series. Bishop John F. Hurst, in his article, "The Temperance Question in India," gives results of a recent visit to that country. Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley gives many curious instances of "Premonitions, Visions and Apparitions."

Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States engages in the important work of "explaining America to Americans and to the world," by describing "The State of Iowa" in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*. Rev. Ations G. Haygood, D.D., LL.D., advocates no particular policy in his essay upon "The South and the School Problem," but simply presents a sober analysis of the present situation and the outlook for the future. The eighth paper in the series on the Great American Industries takes up the manufacture of glass.

The opening story in this month's *St. Nicholas* deals with Revolutionary times, and particularly with a devoted old Whig who had vowed to wear the same coat until the war was decided. A natural history serial, "Among the Florida Keys," by Charles Frederick Holder, describing the strange adventures and observations of a party of boys during a vacation trip in Florida, begins in this number.

Experience has demonstrated that Ely's Cream Balm is the best ointment remedy in use. My daughter, who is a sufferer from that miserable disease, is much better by the use of one bottle.—Dr. R. A. Schouten, Druggist, 758 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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